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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

HEAVENLY CHARITY

THE world is wrapt in darkness. Only a few can see here. Only a few birds escape the net. Only a few escape into the heavenly light.

There is no evil the man will not do who violates the Good Law, who speaks falsely, who scoffs at the existence of another world.

Verily the niggardly do not know heavenly bounty. Fools do not appreciate generosity. But the wise, rejoicing in charity, enjoy that world.

Thus spake the Great Gotama.

THESE verses are from the *Dhammapada,* which every man and woman should read and every boy and girl should be taught.

All, without exception, feel mental confusion, caused by events beyond their control. Also, who does not complain about the paucity of moral stamina and the display of ethical weaknesses in every walk of life? The followers blame the leaders for selfishness and complain that they are lining their fair and round bellies with capons produced by greed and ambition. The leaders sneer at the ignorant followers. The citizens get the government they deserve, it is said; also, the government deserves the citizens it has to educate. Also, it should not be overlooked that the citizens can and should educate and guide their legislators, administrators and teachers.

The leaders and the led alike, as also parents and children, are wrapt in darkness. Everyone desires to possess the heavenly light of Peace; but only a few perceive the need of seeking true Knowledge. People are caught in the net of selfishness, egotism and sensuality, and are so deluded that they know not of their own imprisonment.

The very first step in knowledge is an adequate recognition of the "Slave State" of which they are citizens. Mother Earth is blamed for starving hungry and thirsty humanity. They who exploit and rob Nature precipitate on and for themselves a compensatory adjustment which often proves an awakener.

The World Invisible is dual—the lower psychic and the higher spiritual. The former is related to the impure evil mind of the selfish and the egotistical; the higher to the radiant Mind of the altruistic.

It is the way of ignorance to blame others. Adverse criticism of others dulls our own lucidity. All feel the absence of light in their minds, of peace in their hearts, but they ask not why. When one does, the second step in Right Knowledge reveals itself: Each one has been caught in the net of his own making. The Master refers to the violation of the Good Law. The purpose, method and action of the Good Law are awakeners of men's minds to the fact that each man makes his own suffering, builds his own dark cell of pain, and that the way out is the acceptance of responsibility for himself and for his environment, both immediate and distant. The Deity and the Devil *within himself* are the only agents responsible for his present bodily, mental and moral condition. We "speak falsely," influenced by the devil within; the same force makes us "scoff at the existence of another world."

Mortal men are niggardly, and so ungrateful to the Good Law that ever moves to Righteousness. Not perceiving the "heavenly bounty," we fail to appreciate the generosity which obtains in this world. Only those who perceive the truth about Dana—Charity—given or received, are able to "enjoy the world." Thus teaches the Enlightened One, the Possessor of Heavenly Light, the Giver of Gifts—Peace and Wisdom—the Divine Beggar whose begging bowl encourages the power of charity even in the selfish and the miser.

SHRAVAKA

RAJARSHIS OR ROYAL SAGES

[**Dr. A. D. Pusalker** is the author of *Epics and Puranas of India*. In this scholarly article he writes interestingly about Royal Sages — Rajarishis. Historically they are enveloped in the legends and myths of the Puranas. We might say that, fittingly as a scholar, Dr. Pusalker presents his kings in the prosaic language of history and performs a very useful task. There is the poetic side, to see which one needs not only familiarity with Puranic legends but a deep, true understanding of *pauranic*, more ancient, myths of Divine Heroes and Divine Kings. In the story of ancient civilizations like those of Egypt and Persia we learn about the descent of gods into human bodies to rule beneficently and impart useful knowledge and deep wisdom to their people, for whom they make the great sacrifice. The fascinating records of their exploits and services are mentioned by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*.

In the very first volume of this magazine was published an article by Dr. L. A. Waddell, LL.D., C.B., C.I.E., on "Historicity of the King-Lists of the Puranas" (November 1930, p. 725), to which the attention of the interested reader is drawn. We may also point to a series of essays in Volume VIII, pp. 49, 97, 145, 193 and 245, later reprinted in *No-Man's-Land*, by an esteemed friend of our magazine. In them the doctrine of Divine Kings and Heroes and their labour of love are examined.— ED.]

RAJARSHI (or *rājaṛshi*), meaning "a royal sage," is a compound formed from the words *rājan* (king) and *ṛshi* (sage), so that, before we consider its significance, it is necessary to deal with *rājan* and *ṛshi*. *Ṛshi* (from *ṛsh*, to go, move) has been explained as "*ṛshati jñānena saṁsārapāram*" (goes beyond the trammels of worldly existence through knowledge). Some take *ṛshi* to have been derived from *dṛsh*, to see. The *ṛshis* or seers were regarded by later generations as patriarchal sages or saints occupying the same position in Indian history as the heroes and patriarchs of other countries, constituting in the early mythical system a peculiar class of beings, distinct from gods, men, *asuras*, etc. The *Mahābhārata*, the Purāṇas, lexicons and other works enumerate three, four or seven classes of *ṛshis*. According to the *Ratnakosha*, the sages were divided into the following seven categories, each succeeding one being inferior in status to the one preceding: Brahmarshi; Devarshi; Maharshi; Paramarshi; Kāṇḍarshi; Śrutarshi; and Rājarshi. The *Vāyu Purāṇa* explains *brahmarshi*, *devarshi* and *rājarshi*, respectively, as moving towards Brahman (*ṛshanti Brahmāṇam*), moving towards the Devas (*ṛshanti devān*) and moving towards the subjects through pleasing them (*ṛishanti rañjanāt prajāḥ*). As contrasted with Brahmarshis and Devarshis, whose aims were, respectively, Brahmaloka and

Devaloka, Rājarshis aspired to Indraloka.

The word *rājan* (king) is derived either from *rāj*, to shine, or from *rañj*, to satisfy. Though literally meaning a king, the word has been taken to signify a member of the Kshatriya caste. *Rājan* and *kshatra*, which originally denoted nobility, later on came to signify, respectively, royal and non-royal nobles, which is reflected in the later-day castes of Rajputs and Khatris.

Rājarshi thus means a royal sage or a saintly king. According to the lexicons, *rājarshi* means a royal *ṛshi* or saint; *ṛshi* of royal descent; that holy and superhuman personage which a king or man of military class (*i.e., rājan*) may become by the performance of great austerities. In the *Śabdakalpadruma*, the following explanation is given of the term *rājarshi*: "The king, on account of his greatness, is spoken of as a sage" (*Rājā ṛshiriva śreṣṭhatvāt*). The explanation of *rājarshi* by the *Vāyu Purāna* has already been referred to. The commentators of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* variously explain the term as meaning "king as well as sage" (*rājānaścha te ṛṣayaścha*), or "able to perceive the subtle significance though endowed with overlordship" (*prabhutve sati sūkshmārthanirīkshaṇakshamāh*). Some commentators, however, reject the latter meaning.

Looking to the evolution of the concept of a Rājarshi, we find that in the Saṃhitās and old Brāhmanas there neither is any reference to Rājarshis nor is any gradation of *ṛshis* into Brahmarshis, Devarshis and Rājarshis to be met with as found in later literature. However, in the *Pañchaviṁśa Brāhmaṇa*, the term *Rājanyarshi* is applied to one Sindhukshit whose story is purely mythical. The same Brāhmana also uses the term *Devarājan*, while the *Jaiminya Upanishad Brāhmaṇa* applies the term *Rājanya* to a Brāhmaṇa. A reference to "one king becoming a *ṛshi*" is found in the *Jaiminiya Brāhmaṇa*.

It is, however, in the epics, the Purāṇas and later literature that the term is freely employed. The *Mahābhārata*, which, as already stated, refers to Brahmarshis, Devarshis and Rājarshis, contains several stories of kings who became Brāhmanas. Thus, for example, Vītahavya, Ārshtiṣena, Sindhudvīpa, Devāpi, Viśvāmitra, etc., are stated to have attained Brāhmanahood. In the Purāṇas are enumerated a large number of kings who became Rājarshis, to whom we shall refer later on.

The Purāṇas also speak of "*kshatropetā dvijātayaḥ*," which expression has been translated by Pargiter as "Kshatriyan Brahmans." This expression includes three different classes, *viz.*, (i) Kshatriyas like Viśvāmitra who relinquished their own status and became Brahmaṇas; (ii) others of lower rank like Kakshivant who became Brāhmaṇas after long austerities;

and (iii) Kshatriyas, both in solar and lunar dynasties, like the Vishṇuvṛddhas, Hārītas and Rathītaras (solar), and the Śaunakas, Bharatas, Sāṇkritis, Gārgyas, Maudgalyāyanas, Maitreyas, Kāpyas, Vadhryaśvas, etc. (lunar), who became Brāhmaṇas and still retained their Kshatriya status, in contrast to those of the first class, who renounced their Kshatriya status. The *Vāyu Purāṇa*, while enumerating these *kshatropetā dvijātayaḥ*, states them to have attained *ṛshi*-hood through austerities and mentions them as Rājarshis:—

Kshatropetāḥ smṛitā hyete tapasā ṛshitām gatāh,
Ete Rājarshayaḥ sarve siddhiṁ sumahatīṁ gatāḥ.

The last class of Kshatriya Brāhmaṇas was descended from Māndhātṛ, Ajamīḍha, Vitatha Bharadvāja and Divodāsa, whose period appears to be anterior to that of the *Ṛgveda*, indicating the origin of the Kshatriyan Brāhmaṇas in an age of antiquity.

Though it may perhaps be too loose to speak of the members of these particular families who are called *kshatropetā dvijātayaḥ* as having been Brāhmaṇas, it can readily be conceded that many of these rulers and their descendants were proficient in the practice of religion and that their right to exercise priestly functions was recognized. It is interesting to note that no instances of Kshatriyan Brāhmaṇas are found in later genealogies. This is probably because the caste system began to affect the social structure of the post-Ṛgvedic period.

While on the subject of the rise in the status of Kshatriyas indicated by the terms *rājarshi* and *kshatropetā dvijātayaḥ*, it should be made clear that this is quite distinct from the rise due to the operation of the doctrine of *Jātyutkarsha* enunciated in the Dharmaśāstra works, according to which offsprings of females of lower castes by men of a higher caste attained higher status in five, six or seven generations if they continued to marry the males of the higher caste in each generation. To illustrate: If a Brāhmaṇa marries a Kshatriya woman and a daughter is born, she is called *Mūrdhāvasiktā*. If she in turn marries a Brāhmaṇa and her female descendants continue marrying Brāhmaṇas, then the fifth in descent from the daughter of the original Kshatriya mother becomes a Brāhmaṇa. Similarly issues of Vaiśya and Śūdra women attained Brāhmaṇahood in the sixth and seventh generation if they continued to marry Brāhmaṇa males.

In ancient Indian literature we get no references to the priest-king (or king-priest), "that doubtful personage of whom it is difficult to say whether he is a priest or a king." Already in the period of the *Ṛgveda*, the offices of the priest and the king were separate. There is no indication in

earlier traditions of the existence of the king who was a public magician or a shaman. Though closely connected with the performance of sacrifices, some of which, such as Rājasūya, Aśvamedha, Vājapeya, etc., were specially meant for kings, nowhere is the Indian king represented as the magico-political tribal leader who is found in primitive times.

Brahman and Kshatra were classes in the Ṛgvedic age, not castes, and were more or less fluid: kings and priests were not known as such from their birth and they could change their order at will.

Now, had Viśvāmitra lived when the caste system had become rigid, he would not have been required to renounce his kingdom to become a Brāhmaṇa; because, being a Bhārata and thus a descendant of Vidathin Bharadvāja, he would have been recognized as a Brāhmana by his very birth. But in the casteless Vedic society in which he flourished his mere descent from Vidathin Bharadvāja was not sufficient to make him a Brāhmaṇa. In order to become a Brāhmana he had to renounce his kingdom and lead a spiritual life. His authorship of the third *maṇḍala* of the *Ṛgveda* and his position as fixed by comparison of dynastic lists in the Purāṇas corroborate his belonging to the Vedic age. The lists of the Rājarshis show that all of them pertained to the period before the Bhārata war, when the caste system was not established and different classes had not yet become absolutely hereditary.

Finally we come to the detailed characteristics of the Rājarshis from the accounts of individual Rājarshis left in different works. As already stated, the epics, the Purāṅas, lexicons and other literary works enumerate the names of many Rājarshis, who appear mostly to have come from the Mānavas and Ailas of the solar and lunar dynasties. It may be noted in this connection that some who are mentioned as Rājarshis in one account are not referred to as such in other accounts. Further, with regard to several persons enumerated as Rājarshis we get very little information, in some cases nothing beyond their names. It is proposed to deal here with ten representative Rājarshis, referring to biographical particulars about them, their administration, outlook on life, etc.

Priyavrata, son of Manu Svāyambhuva and brother of Uttānapāda, is said to be the first of the Kshatriyas. Three of his sons, Uttama, Tāmasa and Raivata, who renounced the world in childhood in order to perform penance, became respectively the third, fourth and fifth Manus. Priyavrata was a disciple of Nārada and at first preferred a religious life to one of politics, but was later prevailed on to take upon himself the work of administration since anything done without attachment was equally acceptable to the Deity. He is reputed to have been a good ruler and may

be said to have been a philosopher-king.

Another philosopher-king among the Rājarshis was the celebrated Janaka of Videha to whom Yājñavalkya is said to have delivered a profound discourse on all sorts of philosophical topics, and who held philosophical discussions with Vājasaneya and Śvetaketu Āruneya. Perhaps it was this Janaka about whom it is said that on his way to heaven he found many sinners suffering in Yamaloka. The wind passing after touching the virtuous Janaka brought solace to the sufferers, who pressed Janaka to stay there. Yama showed him the circles of hell and told him to go to the heavens, which he refused, and gave his whole merit for the emancipation of the sinners.

It appears that Janaka was the title borne by the rulers of Videha, and a great deal of confusion has been introduced by speaking of Janaka as a single king. Thus, another Janaka received philosophical instruction from Pañchśikha, who condemned materialism and upheld superior spiritual pursuits. This Janaka or a namesake had imbibed the philosophical truths to such an extent that he is said to have remarked that he lost nothing even when Mithila was burning (*Mithilāyāṁ pradīptāyāṁ na me dahyati kiṁchana*). Still another Janaka was the celebrated father of Sītā.

Alarka, who was the great-grandson of Divodāsa of Kāśī and son of Vatsa (also known as Pratardana or Ṛtadhvaja), was truthful and respected the Brāhmaṇas. He is said to have offered his own eyes to a blind Brāhmaṇa on his asking for them. He killed the demon Kshemaka and re-established Vārāṇasī. After conquering the whole earth he conquered his own self. His mother Madālasā instructed him in *Rājadharma* (Kingly Life) and all kinds of secular and spiritual truths. Dattātreya initiated him into the path of renunciation. After a long and prosperous reign, Alarka gave his kingdom to his brother Subāhu.

Pṛthu Vainya, said to have been churned out of the body of his father, the tyrant Vena, was the first consecrated king. He was a righteous ruler and a liberal donor. He levelled the whole earth, and encouraged cultivation, cattle-breeding, commerce and the building of cities and villages. The oath which he had to swear would compare favourably with the oath any constitutional monarch of England has to take.

Purūravas, the originator of the lunar race, is well known on account of the Purūravas-Urvaśī episode. He was a great sacrificer and a friend of the *devas*, whom he helped in their encounter with the *asuras*. Indra himself is said to have rewarded Purūravas with half his kingdom. He was the hero of the Aryan expansion in India, having extended his sway into the Gangetic Doab, Mālwā and eastern Rajputānā.

Yayāti, a *chakravartin* (Universal Ruler), *samrāṭ* (Emperor) and a great conqueror, was the grandson of Āyu, being born of the latter's eldest son Nahusha. His dominions extended over vast territories. He married Devayānī, daughter of Śukra, and Śarmiṣṭhā, daughter of the *asura* king Vṛṣaparvan, and had five sons among whom he divided his kingdom. Yayāti is famous for the well-known couplet which states that desires are not satisfied by enjoyment, which on the contrary increases them; they are satisfied by cessation from enjoyment.

Gaya of the lunar dynasty was a great sacrificer, celebrated for his religious disposition. He is said to have performed sacrifices continuously for a hundred years. Sarasvatī manifested herself at Gaya's sacrifice at his request and came to be known as Viśālā.

A great monarch, *samrāṭ* and *chakravartin*, Arjuna, son of Kṛtavīrya, also of the lunar dynasty, was foremost in penance, charities, learning and virtues. He subdued the Karkotaka Nāgas, brought Rāvana a captive to Māhishmatī, and led victorious campaigns as far as the Himālayas. He is said to have captured the whole earth and performed a number of sacrifices. He is always the subject of high encomium in epic works, and his mere name is reputed to ensure the recovery of lost property. It is only in his relations with Apava Vasiṣṭha and Jamadagni that Arjuna appears in an unfavourable light. He carried the banner of Aryan conquests far and wide.

Another *samrāṭ*, *chakravartin* and great conqueror was Māndhatṛ, son of Yuvanāśva, of the solar dynasty. He was a great sacrificer who is said to have performed a hundred Aśvamedhas and Rājasuyas. Songs praising his gifts and charities have been handed down from very ancient times. The extent of his dominions is indicated by stating that the sun never set on them. He was magnanimous and a giver of cows.

Also from the solar dynasty came Daśaratha, father of the celebrated Rāma. He is praised as a Rājarshi in the *Rāmāyaṇa*, and we get a detailed description of the condition of the people of his realm during his reign. It reminds one of the remarks of Aśvapati Kekaya who said that there were no thieves in his kingdom, no misers, none who were indigent or adulterous. People were happy, contented, virtuous; and that should be the ideal the Rājarshis should place before them.

The details about the Rājarshis show that they were not only able administrators, great conquerors and ideal kings, but were also great sacrificers and rose high even as saintly persons.

A. D. PUSALKER

FACING BIG FACTS

[**Mr. Henry Usborne,** M.P., has rendered excellent service to the cause of World Government as the Honorary Secretary of the Parliamentary Group for World Government. In this article he provides data for thought and his conclusions are worthy of earnest consideration by all sincere men.—ED.]

MOST people are familiar with schoolboy puzzles which are designed to tease the intelligence. The answers become ridiculously obvious once one can get the data into clear focus in one's mind's eye. The problem is, of course, just that—to sort out the important information and visualize it clearly. International politics today is, perhaps, just such a puzzle: if we can only get the relevant facts into clear focus, what ought to be done becomes a lot more obvious.

Let me illustrate what I mean by setting a typical puzzle. Once you understand the information contained in the question you'll see that the answer is quite absurdly simple. This is the problem: "Mary is now 24. She is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann?"

At first (unless you already know the answer) you are, I presume, utterly confused. Then slowly and laboriously you will manage to extract the relevant data from what you have been told. You do it like this:[1]

Mary is 24. She is twice as old as Ann was (*therefore Ann was 12*) when Mary *was* as old as Ann is now. Therefore Mary is older than Ann. Moreover, when Mary *was*, let's say, in her teens, Ann *was* twelve. Now Mary *is* 24 and Ann *is* in her teens. You visualize the picture as of now. You see in your mind's eye an attractive young woman of 24 standing beside a smaller, younger person whose age you know is somewhere between 12 and 24. Then, having blinked your eyes, you imagine a second picture; a picture taken a number of years earlier when Ann was a girl of 12. Standing beside her is Mary who is taller and older. You know that Mary in this picture is exactly the age that Ann is in the "now" picture.

Immediately you have focused these two mental images you realize at once that in the same span of time Ann grew from 12 to the unknown age while Mary grew from the unknown age to 24. Therefore Ann's age must be half-way between 12 and 24, *i.e.*, 18. Or, if you prefer to use elementary algebra, call the passage of time x. Then $12 + x = 24 - x$ or $2x = 36$. It is all so very simple—*once you get the data clear in your mind's eye.*

[1] Before you read the next paragraph I suggest you stop and try to solve the puzzle for yourself.

Now let us apply the same, so-called scientific treatment to the international scene today.

What have we been told: what do we know?

I suggest there are ten salient facts or pieces of data which we can tabulate; and I doubt if any of them can be seriously challenged. Let us list them and see if the answers we are seeking do not then become plainly discernible. Now here is the data.

1) It is an evident absurdity for the struggling, contriving, endlessly hopeful family of man arbitrarily to divide itself into some eighty independent, armed and sovereign states, each state madly suspicious of the others, each hopelessly seeking to build its own security on the strength of its own armed forces, which armed forces are the very things that generate the fears which create the suspicions. This lunatic, lawless, tribal jungle-world must be replaced by a system of world government, or else, in this atomic era, there will be an end of both the jungle *and* its inhabitants.

2) If law over the nations is to exist so that it is enforceable—and it is useless if it isn't—then the nations subject to the law must be disarmed, and the law-making and law-enforcing authority must be all-powerful in relation to the nations whose citizens it is to govern.

3) At present, neither Russia nor America dare disarm sufficiently to allow world government to be enforced upon them. Moreover, so long as either of these two giant power-complexes remains armed and sovereign, the other giant is obliged to follow that example. Therefore, if we, the world's people, have to wait for Russia and America before the process of creating world law and national disarmament is started, we may wait indefinitely—for Armageddon! There is no valid reason why the other nations shouldn't start the process without waiting for the two giants.

4) When the U.S.A. has sufficient massive deterrents (A- and H-bombs and the means of delivering them) to destroy the entire globe in the event of Russia seeking to dominate it, British ownership of nuclear weapons adds a little more to what is already quite sufficient.

5) In any event it would be madness if other nations started following the British lead in this respect.

6) Since other nations have a habit of following a British lead, if Britain goes on being a member of the Nuclear Powers Club it will be Britain's fault if France or Germany, Japan or Egypt, decides to join the Club too. What is right (or wrong) for Britain is right (or wrong) for Germany (and any other comparable nations) in the long run.

7) In present circumstances, a line must be drawn somewhere; it would be terrible if *every* nation were armed with hydrogen bombs. It makes

some sense to draw the line dividing the two giant power-complexes from the rest of the nations; but it makes no sense at all to include Britain in that nuclear category; nor, for the reason that Britain's example will inevitably be followed *can* one draw a line there. Include Britain, and no firm line can be drawn anywhere.

8) Therefore, Britain, like all the rest of the minor nations, ought not to be allowed nuclear weapons.

9) But if a group of nations "are not to be allowed nuclear weapons" some supra-national enforcement agency will have to be set up with power and authority to enforce the required prohibition. This could be done by a system of supra-national federal government, representative of the consenting nations; or it could be done by the two Giants jointly imposing the prohibition on all the lesser fry. Perhaps a compromise between these two positions might be the best of all. We might create a Federal Government to keep the constituent, federating nations disarmed, while the two Giants could use their influence jointly to see that the Federation itself obeys its own self-denying ordinance and keeps its own federal armies only conventionally armed. If this compromise could be agreed upon the two Giants might welcome the emergence of a non-nuclear Federal Union of the middle world. It could solve a lot of otherwise insoluble problems. If it did so, it would enable the Giants greatly to lessen the burden of their own military expenditures; they might even agree to disarm somewhat.

10) Economic investment in underdeveloped countries is urgently needed. But Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal and, now, Indonesia's treatment of the Dutch make it certain that investment on any sufficient scale will not take place while the receiving nations are sovereign states free to treat international conventions with contempt. During the Suez war some Americans felt this way about investment in Britain! Unless we can create a vast, almost world-wide, governed area (probably a federation of nations) which both "have" and "have-not" states will voluntarily join, backward nations will either have to build their economies on their own resources, which obviously most of them cannot do, or else they will have to get used to their shortages; outside a governed area there is no means of ameliorating their relative poverty.

These, then, are the data, and these "the big facts" which seem to me to be relevant. Get them into proper focus in your mind's eye, and have the courage to admit their validity; whereupon, surely, the conclusions become obvious, do they not?

The world we should be trying to create must look like this: The Security Council of the U.N. should be composed of five Members: two of

them will be the two nuclear Giants, the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A., wholly concerned with deterring each other and seeing that the other does not dominate the globe; the third member of the Security Council will be the Federation of Nations, composed of all the states in the "middle" world that are immediately prepared to become disarmed self-governing provinces in a world-wide federal system; the fourth and fifth members would be China and India, if these last two nations decided not to join the Federation. The Federation would, of course, be open to accession by any nation at any time and must be designed ultimately to include the entire globe.

Any nation not in the Federation or otherwise on the Security Council, could, like Switzerland or Sweden perhaps, be an ordinary sovereign member of the General Assembly of the U.N. But if so, it would be the duty of the Security Council collectively to see that such a nation's armed forces did not exceed a certain defined size or include nuclear weapons; and such nations would have to permit a U.N. agency to inspect their forces. The U.N. would evidently need a permanent, directly recruited, very lightly armed Police Force and Observer Corps for this purpose.

Here, I suggest, in political terms, is Ann's age. In fact, of course, politics is never conducted "scientifically"; the more's the pity. Probably today's puzzle is too muddling for our overworked statesmen. It only irritates such folk to tell them Ann's age is *obviously* 18, even though the fact *is* obvious. It is therefore my guess that the ordinary people will have to take a hand in this. It depends, very largely I think, on whether Britain will have the sense to contract out of the Nuclear Power Club and propose the creation of a world-wide federal system. Simply to disarm unilaterally would not be enough. Such an excellent pacifist attitude is pointless for a nation like ours to adopt unless its good resolution is permanently enforced upon it; and this requires a system of supra-national government to make and to enforce the disarmament.

There is, of course, a great deal more about Ann and Mary than the bare fact that the former's age is 18. But once we are clear about what has to be done the details will take care of themselves. What is required is to replace the present jungle anarchy by the institutions of enforceable world law: this means turning sovereign nation-states into self-governing provinces within a World State. The time to begin this process is now. The way to begin it is to persuade those nations ready and able to do so to join together to create a supra-nationally governed community. Let the rest join later.

HENRY USBORNE

FRANCIS THOMPSON

1859—1907

[LAST year the English literary world commemorated the 50th death anniversary of Francis Thompson. This "In Memoriam" article was prepared for the occasion by **Mr. Derek Stanford** but reached us late. Next year will be the centenary of the poet's birth.—ED.]

IN THE dawn-light of a November day, 1907, Francis Thompson died. The condition of his fatal illness and his end, like his wayward existence, was a paradox. Sick with an insidious consumption of the lungs, his life had been prolonged—the doctor stated—by his addiction to laudanum. Other men's poison had been his preserver. It was said that he had been its slave, off and on, since the age of twenty-six.

But this is a crude, merely physical anomaly when compared with many of Thompson's traits. How, for example, we may ask, could the God-transported poet of "The Hound of Heaven" stoop to discuss, as he often would, the merits of London's penny-bun shops: those which supplied the most currants in their dough? Or how could this enthusiast for Shakespeare interrupt a reading of *Othello*, in the midst of Desdemona's death, with the quavering, bathetic, humourless words: "Here's a go, Mrs. Meynell, I have lost my *Athenæum* cheque." Ask Francis Thompson to dinner, and he would arrive some two or three hours late or mistake the day or not turn up. Invite him to spend the night, and perhaps he would burn your bed-clothes with his pipe or hang up his coat with it smouldering in the pocket. And when his delayed arrival took place or some more consequent mishap had been avoided, you would have to listen to his tedious excuses, rambling, detailed, yet curiously disjointed.

Opium largely annuls one's sense of time; and if the poet talked of his habit of viewing "all mundane happenings with the Fall for one terminus and the Millennium for the other," this was quite as much due to the physical effects of the drug as to his theological vision. His whole life was pitted with pockets of omission, of absent-mindedness, of stark procrastination. "Wordy, full of weak lamentations, deplorably feminine and strengthless" (as he wrote of Coleridge), Thompson yet possessed within himself "that frail might of sensibility" which quickened and tormented Shelley and Keats. To house in one's being such rare perceptive powers is not to tread a path of comfort or calm. It is to lie fearfully open to things, to be stung by irritations (as well as by enjoyments) which others accept or lightly brush off. On the positive side, when the verbal gift is there, it

is to be that may-fly creature — a poet.

In Thompson's case, the "experiencing nature" was deepened by outward circumstance. The nerve of suffering, above all others, was exposed to and played on by events. Of Thompson's terrible submerged existence, before the Meynells rescued him from the dark sewer-waters of Mayhew's London, no factual chronicle can here be given. But account must be taken of the tone of this experience, the memories it imparted, the perspective it conveyed.

It was on Thompson's arrival from the north, after his abortive medical studies, that the tides of poverty took a free turn with him. There are many intimations, though few clear confessions, of this murky period in his writing. "In Darkest England" (an essay on the Franciscan Third Order and the Salvation Army) gives us a glimpse of this sub-existence:—

> ...this life which is not a life; to which food is as the fuel of hunger; sleep, our common sleep, precious, costly, and fallible, as water in a wilderness; in which men rob and women vend themselves — for fourpence.

These first impressions remained, and twenty years later (just eight before his death), when he had work which paid and a room of his own, as well as a standing welcome at the Meynells, the vista seemed to him the same as that which had confronted him in utter dereliction. On July 19th, 1900, he wrote to Wilfrid Meynell, offering his explanation for not having made a recent visit. "I have been full of worry, depression, and unconquerable forebodings," he writes, and then goes on to describe the sights and sounds which worked their havoc on his imagination:—

> The very streets weigh upon me with their gangrenous multitudes; blackening ever into lower mortifications of humanity!...Nothing but the vocabulary of the hospital, images of corruption and fleshy ruin, can express the objects offered to eye and ear in these loathsome streets. The air is fulsome with its surcharge of tainted humanity. We lament the smoke of London: it were nothing without the fumes of congregated evil, the hardened effluence from millions of festering souls.

But it is not Thompson's encounter with indigence, depravity, squalor and crime which is of prime importance in itself. He was not a realist author, nourished æsthetically like Zola on the spectacle of humanity degraded. It was rather the spirit in which he met these things, the attitude to life he adopted in face of them, which endorses their meaning for us. Briefly, this attitude was one of compassion, an instinctive reaction on Thompson's part, strengthened and developed by Christian teaching on

charity. The temper of this compassion was frequently gentle, as when he writes that "Without sadness where were brotherliness? For in joy is no brotherliness, but only a boon-companionship." But, occasionally, this sympathy with misfortune would take on a mordant tone:—

> If Christ stood amidst your London slums, He could not say: "Except ye become as one of *these* little children." For better your children were cast from the bridges of London than they should become as one of these little ones.

Just as compassion was a law of Thompson's being—a longing to transcend that vaunted independence which Martin Tupper preached as the supreme Victorian virtue ("The script of self-help has been the script of selfishness," wrote Thompson)—so, in literary criticism, sympathy was for him the key. This led him to practise and defend the mode of criticism known as appreciation as opposed to that method which Coventry Patmore followed and which may be called the absolutist method, *i.e.*, the assessment of an author according to set standards.

It is this sensitive, volatile power of temporary identification with others and their different ways of expression, which made of Thompson so rich a critic. Wherever one cuts into him, one finds an affirmative response and not that negatory closed-mindedness which the law-laying critic so often reveals. Thompson belonged to that species of critics whose emblem should be not the scales but the weather-vane. He veered sympathetically with every excellence, whether of large or small dimensions. This is not to say that Thompson's criticism carried no hint of preference or values. His sensibility was too finely graded to see in all things a single common merit. He distinguished, of course, but not by denial. His "lesser" or his "greater" was conveyed by suggestion. Take, for example, the writings of Macaulay—work of a temperament alien to Thompson. He does not place Macaulay in the higher register of letters; yet, even here, his qualifications act as a stimulus upon the reader. A man, he tells us, "made for great success rather than great achievements," whose genius lay "essentially in making strikingly obvious the obviously striking." This is just; it hits off the subject, yet curiously creates a palate for Macaulay once his measure has been taken.

Incongruously enough, Thompson's highest achievement as a critic was not made public till after his death. This was his early essay on Shelley, rejected, when first sent, by the *Dublin Review*, which then made amends by printing it in 1908. It is the longest of his critical pieces; and was referred to, when it appeared (1909), by Sir George Wyndham as the most important contribution to pure Letters written in English during the last

twenty years. From this essay I should like to quote part of two final paragraphs. They give us the best insight into Thompson's image of the poet, and, at the same time, pronounce the most feeling tribute ever directed to the memory of Shelley. Those whose enjoyment of Shelley has been troubled by Matthew Arnold's words concerning an "ineffectual angel" should revert to this passage and take fresh heart from it. Orations such as these are not composed in vain:—

> Why indeed...should it be that the poets who have written for us the poetry richest in skiey grain, most free from admixture with the duller things of earth — the Shelleys, the Coleridges, the Keats'— are the very poets whose lives are among the saddest records in literature? Is it that (by some subtle mystery of analogy) sorrow, passion, and fantasy are indissolubly connected, like water, fire, and cloud....Such a poet, it may be, mists with sighs the window of his life until the tears run down it; then some air of searching poetry, like an air of searching frost, turns it to a crystal wonder....Less tragic in its merely temporal aspect than the life of Keats or Coleridge, the life of Shelley in its moral aspect is, perhaps, more tragical than that of either; his dying seems a myth, a figure of his living; the material shipwreck a figure of the immaterial.
>
> Enchanted child born into a world unchildlike; spoiled darling of Nature, playmate of her elemental daughters; "pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift," laired among the burning fastnesses of his own fervid mind; bold foot along the verges of precipitous dream; light leaper from crag to crag of inaccessible fancies; towering Genius, whose soul rose like a ladder between heaven and earth with the angels of song ascending and descending it: — he is shrunken into the little vessel of death, and sealed with the unshatterable seal of doom, and cast down deep into the rolling tides of Time. Mighty meat for little guests, when the heart of Shelley was laid in the cemetery of Caius Cestius! Beauty, music, sweetness, tears — the mouth of the worm has fed of them all. Into that sacred bridal-bed of death where he holds his nuptials with eternity let not our rash speculations follow him....

Thompson is not to be included among the chartered accountants of criticism. He is better thought of as a calligrapher or scribe, penning in long hand an elegant "fair copy." His merits as a prose-writer and critic have yet to be fully recognized. Thompson's gifts and achievements as a poet have been, by now, universally applauded. But since reaction follows recognition, the fashion for his verse has patently declined. This does not mean that his poetry has ceased to give pleasure to thousands of readers, but that the arbiters of our day do not accord it their written approval. Nor is this withholding of their seal an entirely blindfold affair. Thompson,

as a writer of verse, has faults, and at the moment they are catching the eye rather than his known and ample virtues. The ill-sorted profusion of his diction, and the prolixity of his syntax, have both repeatedly come under fire. His love of latinities and neologisms has been justly rebuked: "unresurgent," "splendent," "sciental," "vidual"—all from one poem—are typical examples of infelicitous speech. The present austere predilections are not for the Miltonic, the conscious grand style; and Thompson's peacock vocabulary is too gorgeously indiscriminate for many. Only one modern poet is thought to have been deeply influenced by him—the alteloquent Welsh rhetorician, Dylan Thomas, who has also been censured by the purists for his wry grammar and verbal adulteration.

In the climate of the affections there are moist and dry periods. Our present age is predominantly a dry one and anything brimful of sentiment in art is apt to find small favour among us. But this is just a part of the relativity of taste and judgment which Thompson himself noted; and in my copy of his collected works there is an ink-script gloss by Alice Meynell in praise of the poem "*Ex Ore Infantium.*" She quotes, too, a Christmas sermon by the Anglican Dean of Westminster in which he speaks of the poem as "a pathetic emblem of the prayers of the wise and prudent." In her hand, also, I have found copied out a passage from Max Eastman's "Enjoyment of Poetry" (1913), where he discovers in the poem "To a Snowflake" "a kinship between the sensitive nature of its words and of the thing they speak of." When Thompson's masterpiece "The Hound of Heaven" first appeared, it was mentioned by one critic as constituting "the return of the 19th century to Thomas à Kempis." Here are testimonies of a kind to balance our present depreciation.

A judgment midway between these two is that of the poet Herbert Palmer, who, in 1938, looked upon Thompson as "a sort of metaphysical Keats running rampant in the granary of William Blake." This is a suggestive pointer, but it omits an important influence: the work of the Catholic poet Richard Crashaw. It is in Thompson's odes that this is most apparent; and in his essay on him, Thompson speaks of Crashaw as the first of the English poets to free the ode from "the continual curb of its structure," finding for it "a metre and diction plastic to its own shaping spirit." Such, in Thompson's longer pieces, was always his own aim: the discovery of a metre and diction identical with the poem's "shaping spirit." Sometimes he succeeded, sometimes he failed; but posterity can never, for long, ignore him.

DEREK STANFORD

ABOUT TAMIL LIFE AND LETTERS

[In our last number the first instalment of this interesting article by **Shri Ka Naa Subramaniam** was published. The concluding part of the essay is given below.— Ed.]

II

For more than six centuries (from the thirteenth or the fourteenth till nearly the end of the nineteenth) Tamil genius was dormant, and there was no major figure or movement comparable to those gone before. The three ancient kingdoms were breaking up into smaller principalities — independent and semi-independent — under their own petty rulers, or their elements were being absorbed into new and vital waves from the middle and north of India. Unsettled, the Tamils forgot even their past glories, and the former vitality of their life and letters was being stifled by attitudes that were academic and, in the long run, sterile. Cleverness and artifice in form were replacing the older, more enduring poetic values. The point was reached where kings and their favourites demanded poems, and lo! overnight there were the poems, and poets, by the dozen. The meretricious and the false and the artificial were applauded, and all that was good was condemned as unfashionable and not pleasing. As a class the poets were a menace, going about from place to place, singing this man's praise or that man's downfall for favour and money. Poetry had left the common soil and the common man, and in turn the common man despised the poets.

During these years the poets built round themselves a host of ridiculous legends such as the one in which Saraswathy, the Goddess of Learning, was said to visit each one in turn under cover of night. Yet even in this dull and barren period there are a few names that stand out: Kalamegam, who despite hundreds of mediocre poems, reached heights with a handful; Pattinathar (not to be confused with his namesake in the Shaiva devotional anthology), who distilled out of pornography a refreshingly ascetic philosophy; the Avvaiyar of this age (every age of Tamil history has had its Avvaiyar — literally, old woman — who wrote poems that were clear, telling and cynical); the Saint Thayumanavar, who mingled Sanskrit with his Tamil to effect sonorous sequences; Arunagirinathar, whose experiments in verse forms suggest some of the experiments of modern versifiers in France and England; and lastly, not the least of them, Jothi Ramalingam, who, in the middle of the nineteenth century, purified Tamil hearts and Tamil poetry of much that was alien.

These centuries saw other important developments in Tamil poetry: a non-academic, popular literature; the heroic poems or dramas celebrating the victories of local heroes and chieftains; the poems of all-knowledge and the temple plays—all rose in this period. The popular poems, only a few of which have survived, were largely anonymous. Dating between the fifteenth and the eighteenth centuries, they celebrate in a readable, racy ballad form events in the lives of the *Mahabharata* heroes and heroines, and many of the themes are exquisitely handled. So too the minor epics recall the victories of local figures in dramatic verse narratives, as, for example, the *Panchalam Kurich* story, written in powerful spoken-dialect verse, which tells of the early days of the British East India Company and how a local chieftain resisted the foreigners. For many years the British in power banned the poem, but it has survived in the memory of the people—a minor Homeric epic. There is practically no historical evidence to indicate when plays were first danced and enacted in the temples. Certainly the most beautiful of all the temple plays in Tamil, the *Kutralakkuravanchi* (the Gypsy Girl of Kutralam) is not older than the seventeenth century. In any case, to stock characters and everyday situations the poet had managed to bring a beauty and a timelessness that are artistic. The modern age in Tamil letters can be said to have begun with the opera of *Nandan* by Gopala Krishna Bharathiar, composed about the middle of the nineteenth century.

While it cannot be denied that Tamil prose was known to the ancients, independent works in prose are of recent origin. The first independent prose of any great merit was written by a foreign priest, Constantius Beschi, who, over the Tamil name Virama Muni, wrote a series of satirical tales called *Paramartha Guru Kathai* (Stories of the Guru who was a Simpleton). Popularly written in simple spoken Tamil, the stories have been told and retold in Tamilnad for two centuries now. But the next longish important piece of prose was nearly a hundred years in coming. This time the author was a regular *pandit*, trained in the academic way, and he retold the stories of the Sanskrit *Panchatantra* in graded Tamil prose. Arumuga Navalar retold in long-winded Tamil prose most of the familiar Shaiva stories and legends. The first novel in Tamil was written as early as the seventies of the last century; Vedanayakam Pillai's *Prathapa Mudaliyar*, named after the protagonist, is a tale like the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes in racy spoken Tamil; it is an autobiographical narrative written with moral fervour and a certain whimsical fancy. Somewhat later came Ibrahimshah's *Tales of Vikramaditya*, also a retelling from the Sanskrit, but done in a delightful personal manner in sonorous

prose.

By the last decade of the nineteenth century B. R. Rajam Iyer's *Kamalambal* and A. Madhaviah's *Padmavathy* had appeared, both novels taking their titles from their heroines. With these two, the Tamil novel set a definite course, though it did not make much headway in this direction for nearly fifty years. I, as a Tamil novelist writing today, think of *Kamalambal* as a present-day novelist in Europe thinks of Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* or Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*. Immediately after these two writers of serious fiction in Tamil (Rajam Iyer, spiritual; Madhaviah, social) the novel set itself the task of entertainment, and for fifty years entertainment was the keynote of most Tamil fiction.

The national awakening in India, a renewed interest in the Tamil past—for nearly a century now, forgotten—and in ancient Tamil literature, and ever-deepening concern with the experiments, political, economic, scientific, social and literary, that were going on in the West, all created cross-currents in Tamil life and letters that have not yet been completely charted or understood by the Tamils themselves.

Towering over the turn of the century rose Subramania Bharathi, who during his lifetime was known chiefly as a nationalist, but who was a poet and a prose writer of the greatest magnitude. Short-lived, he spent the major part of his life dodging the British police, but the inspiration he breathed into Tamil life and letters lived on. Subramania Bharathi is the true father of the present-day Tamil renaissance. After six centuries of slumber, the Tamil genius woke again with the coming of Subramania Bharathi. It is difficult for modern Tamils to present an unexaggerated view of his literary achievement; it is difficult to speak of him at all except in hyperbole.

Subramania Bharathi died in 1921. The two subsequent decades were a period of political awakening and action. Nationalism and escapist entertainment were the keynote of all that was written during this time. Chief among the entertainers of the age should be mentioned Vaduvoor Duraiswamy Iyengar and Kalki. Vaduvoor Duraiswamy Iyengar during the early parts of this period, and Kalki till the fifties of the twentieth century, were dominant influences and they shaped the writing of Tamilnad to a great extent.

But in the middle thirties a group of serious writers tried consciously to develop Tamil letters along the lines envisaged for them by Rajam Iyer and Madhaviah in the eighteen-nineties and by Subramania Bharathi in the early decade of the twentieth century. Among these serious writers should be mentioned the late Ku. Paa. Rajagopalan, whose output in the

short story is remarkable; the late C. Virdhachalam ("Pudumaippittan" —literally, "mad after the new"), an unruly genius who wrote some of the most outstanding short stories in Tamil and tried to find a modern rhythm for Tamil poetry; Mowni, who gave up writing after producing some fifteen or sixteen short stories of great promise; C. Chidambarasubramanian; and a host of others still happily with us and writing. Independent of this group, "S.V.V." began to write his artless stories and novels of great human interest, Tha. Naa. Kumaraswamy his tales of romantic melancholy and Thi. Ja. Ranganathan his stories of quiet human involvements. Later writers of the short story who could be mentioned here are Thi. Janakiraman, L. S. Ramamritham and Ku. Alagiriswamy.

Beginning with the publication of Shanker Ram's *Mannasai* (Love of Dust) in the late nineteen-thirties there has been a spate of novels, mostly entertaining and following the paths shown by Vaduvoor Duraiswamy Iyengar and Kalki. Among their writers should be mentioned Lakshmi, Mayavi, Akhilan and Arvi. The domestic novel, dealing with the problem of the man in his domestic setting, is ably handled by a host of women writers, among whom Anuthama and Gowri Ammal stand out. Among the men writers addicted to this theme should be mentioned P. M. Kannan. Mu. Varadarajanar and a host of his followers write novels of a particular type which combine a social consciousness with a timely purposiveness. The work of three novelists would defy classification, and to my mind they stand out as the best novelists of this period. The single novel of Chidambara Subramaniam, *Idaya Natham,* deals with the life of a musician in an episodic, idealistic manner. The slight novels of Shanmughsundaram, written round the villages of a particular area in Tamilnad, are characterized by high seriousness of purpose and a sincerity and truthfulness of execution that are only rarely met with anywhere in the history of the novel. My own novels are in the European tradition and handle themes and ideas of great import in a difficult manner—"difficult" for the entertainment-loving readers of Tamilnad. One other writer whose recent second novel, *Mahamul* (The Thorn of Passion), gives great promise of high seriousness as well as achievement is Thi. Janakiraman.

In literary criticism, in poetry, in the drama and in various other departments of letters, there is beginning to be done some writing that is worth watching, but of actual achievement there is indeed very little in the modern period.

The situation of the Tamil writer today is not very happy. He is weighted down by an overheavy past, a heritage which he can neither

throw off nor with any distinction sustain. Moreover, he finds himself working today in forms that are alien to him and to his language—Western forms to which the Tamil language has not yet completely adapted itself. And finally there is the circumstance that book production in Tamil lags far behind the publication standards of periodicals and magazines, with the result that the serious writer must begin his career by writing for relatively non-permanent media—a practice which endows his work with much casualness and a trend towards treating escape and entertainment as the chief objects of all art.

There are almost no group activities in Tamil literature today. Each writer develops his own values and tries to give the best—according to his own personal standard—that is in him. But, Tamil life today being what it is, two main trends are increasingly discernible in all the work currently turned out in the language: a faith in the family as the ultimate reality among crumbling human values and relationships and a nostalgic backward search into the spiritual values of an earlier generation and era.

The attempt at Indianizing Western forms, such as the short story, the novel, the drama, literary criticism, the essay and the like, to suit the increasing needs of the Tamil writers, is proceeding apace. Unlike earlier writings of the recent period, contemporary work tends to be completely genuine, and Indian, and Tamil. The reconciliation between the European and the Indian-Tamil heritages has taken the Tamil writer as many as five generations, and the process cannot yet be said to be complete. But the genuineness and the authenticity of the experiences narrated, the sincere groping after true expression and experiment in expression, the earnestness of the writers groping for truly Tamil values and forms, dominate in great measure Tamil writing today and lift it out of the ordinary.

KA NAA SUBRAMANIAM

THE INFLUENCE OF ANCIENT HINDU THOUGHT ON WALT WHITMAN AND T. S. ELIOT

[THIS essay is authoritative inasmuch as **Professor E. L. Mayo** is himself a teacher, critic and poet. He has been connected with Drake University, and has to his credit such important publications as *The Diver* (1947) and *The Centre is Everywhere* (1954). A new volume of poems, *Summer Unbound*, is to be published soon by the University of Minnesota, where also he has been a lecturer. He was also an instructor in English literature at other academic institutions.—ED.]

UNLIKE Europe, America is the child of two intellectual movements which we think of as essentially modern: the Reformation and the Enlightenment. Puritan and Deist alike were dominated by a positive and critical passion, alike eager to strip away the accumulations of tradition from the historic origins of religion and government and from the face of nature. There were many advantages in such an intellectual temper for people confronted with the challenge of a vast and as yet unexplored continent. It ensured the maximum of practical activity and a minimum of woolgathering. But it also had the negative result of eliminating the atmosphere of myth and saga from which Mediterranean civilization first arose, and from which, at the end of the Dark Ages, Europe re-emerged a cultural organism.

More than anything else, it seems to have been a sense of the deficiency in emotional richness and depth in American intellectual life which led Emerson and Thoreau to turn to the Orient in their quest for the spiritual enrichment of the American Leviathan. In February 1824 (he was then only twenty-one) Emerson entitled a long passage in his *Journals* "Asia: Origin" and wrote:—

> Humanity finds it curious and good to go back to the scenes of Auld Lang Syne, to the old mansion house of Asia....It brings the mind palpable relief to withdraw it from the noisy and overgrown world to these peaceful primeval solitudes....

Not primarily a linguist, Emerson never did learn Sanskrit; consequently all Emerson's reading of the Indian classics was confined to translations. From his first discovery of it, however, Indian thought exercised a profound influence over Emerson's writing. In his poetry we discern it in "Brahma" (1856), "Hamatreya" (1847) and "The Sphinx" (1841), and it becomes explicit in his essays "Plato," "Fate," "Immortality" and

"Illusion." Emerson seems to have found the *Katha Upanishad* and the *Bhagavad-Gita* especially inspiring and drew upon them in part for his own doctrine of "illusions" (*Maya*), "the over-soul" (*Paramatman*), and "compensation" (*Karma*). Even the doctrine of metempsychosis seems to have held attractions for him, and, though he could not accept it literally, he employed it on occasion as a philosophical allegory to illustrate the ascent of the spirit—and its too frequent descents. In "History," for example, he writes:—

> The transmigration of souls is no fable. I would it were; but men and women are only half human. Every animal of the barn-yard, the field, and the forest, of the earth and of the waters that are under the earth, has contrived to get a footing and to leave the print of its features and form in some one or other of these upright, heaven-facing speakers. Ah! brother, stop the ebb of thy soul—ebbing downward into the forms into whose habits thou hast now for many years slid.

Among the Indian writings accessible to him, Emerson found only the Buddhist scriptures uncongenial. Why this was so, Emersonian scholars have never fully explained. I suspect, though, that he found it too close in spirit to the Puritan ethos against which he revolted in his early manhood. Emerson's instinct as a thinker was always to synthesize and affirm; his optimism was congenital and ingrained. But the Buddha was skeptical and rational in temper, and, like the embattled New England Puritans (already "old-fashioned" and discredited in Emerson's young manhood), he had taken a dim view indeed of life in this world. The first of the Buddha's Four Noble Truths, "All life is sorrowful," must have been particularly chilling to the Concord sage.

Uninfluential among American scholars, Emerson's ideas were widely diffused among American poets and writers. Walt Whitman, the first American poet of world stature, was certainly deeply influenced by his work in general and his Indian studies in particular. In 1856 Whitman visited Emerson and Thoreau at Concord. In the course of a conversation Thoreau asked him whether he had studied the Orientals, and quotes Whitman as replying: "No, tell me about them." But long before this conversation took place, Whitman, a faithful reader of Emerson's essays, had absorbed much of their content of Indian philosophy. Even at this time, Thoreau remarks upon the pervading Orientalism of Whitman's poetry, and Emerson noted later that Whitman's "I" in *Leaves of Grass* was much like the "communal I" of Krishna, a view later substantiated by Rabindranath Tagore, who on one of his visits to America declared that "no American has caught the Oriental spirit as well as Walt

Whitman."[1]

Pervasive in Whitman's poetry is the sense of the identity of each created thing and, paradoxically, side by side with it, a sense of the interpenetration of each with all. Deceived by the naturalness of Whitman's diction and the inclusiveness of his imagery, critics have often failed to notice the contemplative centre from which these things come. The source of most poetry is conflict of one sort or another, particularly inner conflict. This is natural and inevitable, and as true of the plays of Sophocles as of the poetry of Dylan Thomas. For this conflict is the source of all drama and of the dramatic in poetry generally. But there is no conflict in Whitman and no drama except the drama of contemplation itself projecting itself with majestic disregard of traditional decorum into every living thing with matchless empathy:—

> Trippers and askers surround me;
> People I meet, the effect upon me of my early life or the ward
> and city I live in, or the nation,
> The latest dates, discoveries, inventions, societies, authors
> old and new,
> My dinner, dress, associates, looks, compliments, dues,
> The real or fancied indifference of some man or woman I love . . . .
> Battles, the horrors of fratricidal war, the fever of doubtful
> news, the fitful events;
> These come to me days and nights and go from me again,
> But they are not the Me myself.
>
> Apart from the pulling and hauling stands what I am;
> Stands amused, complacent, compassionating, idle, unitary;
> Looks down, is erect, or bends an arm on an impalpable certain rest,
> Looking with side-curved head, curious what will come next,
> Both in and out of the game and watching and wondering at it.
>
> Backward I see in my own days where I sweated through fog
> with linguists and contenders,
> I have no mockings or arguments, I witness and wait.
>
> ("Song of Myself," Section 4)

Simply to see, simply to rise out of the flux of things and witness and wait, is enough for Whitman, and the contrast between the seer and the seen (who are yet the same) a sufficient source of dramatic contrast (if not conflict).

[1] Cited by FREDERICK IVES CARPENTER, in *Emerson and Asia* (Harvard Press, 1930). I am indebted to him for many of the facts in this essay.—E.L.M.

As a poet Whitman's greatest strength seems to lie in the hardness, sharpness, not to say ruthlessness, of his images:—

> The suicide sprawls on the bloody floor of the bedroom,
> I witness the corpse with its dabbled hair, I note where
> the pistol has fallen.
>
> (*Ibid.*, Section 8)

Or again, more palatably but just as precisely:—

> The big doors of the country barn stand open and ready,
> The dried grass of the harvest-time loads the slow-drawn wagon;
> The clear light plays on the brown gray and green intertinged,
> The armfuls are pack'd to the sagging mow.
>
> (*Ibid.*, Section 9)

There is nothing conventional or reminiscent of "literature" in this imagery. All that is most distinctive in American poetry—its respect for fact, the thing, *any* thing touched and seen, which, as Kathleen Raine has recently pointed out, is its most striking characteristic—owes its character primarily to Whitman's startling objectivity and concreteness. Nevertheless, the total effect of a reading of Whitman is not one of harshness and realism, for the *tone* is contemplative. The "I" which observes and sometimes indeed identifies itself with these things is yet apart from them:—

> Both in and out of the game and watching and wondering at it.

Because this is so, even the harshest images take on in the context of the poems a suggestive, symbolic quality. When Whitman affirms

> Divine am I inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch
> or am touch'd from,
> The scent of these arm-pits aroma finer than prayer,
> This head more than churches, bibles, and all the creeds
>
> (*Ibid.*, Section 24),

his Indian reader is not so shocked as his American one, for he realizes that

> the inhabitant of the perishable body, the indestructible life-monad (purusa), which according to the Sankhya doctrine was to be regarded as the core and life-seed of each living individual—according to the composite system of the *Bhagavad Gita* is but a particle of the one supreme Divine Being, with which its essence is identical.[2]

Other American writers have been tinged by Whitman's cast of thought, many of them perhaps not recognizing the Indian origin of their ideas.

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[2] *Philosophies of India*. By HEINRICH ZIMMER (Meridian Books, New York. 1956), p. 393.

Among more recent ones might be mentioned Carl Sandburg, especially in "Grass," and in his long poem "The People, Yes" in which "the Common Man," that shopworn political counter, takes on some of the qualities of divinity; and also Eugene O'Neill (as Mr. Carpenter has pointed out), especially in such plays as *Lazarus Laughed, Marco Millions, Strange Interlude* and *The Great God Brown*. Critics who have painstakingly laid bare O'Neill's Freudian borrowings would do well to follow the clue of such speeches as the following:—

> We will to die! We will to change! Laughing we lived with our gift, now with laughter give we back that gift to become again the Essence of the Giver . . . . We are the Giver and the Gift. (*Lazarus Laughed*)

> God bless dear old Charlie . . . who, passed beyond desire, has all the luck at last! (*Strange Interlude*)

> *Dion*: I'll take the job. One must do something to pass away the time while one is waiting — for one's next incarnation. (*The Great God Brown*)

A poet in his dramatic conceptions rather than in the mastery of expression, O'Neill is yet a descendant of Whitman both as regards his ruthless observation of experience and, along with it, a pervading transcendentalism which has its ultimate roots in Indian philosophy.

Among more recent poets of stature, the link with India is still observable. Nothing on a scale of importance comparable to Whitman's poetry occurred in American poetry, however, until the appearance of Mr. T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land* (1922). With it entered an aspect of Indian thought which had never before been clearly reflected in American literature.

As poetry, nothing could be more antipodal in mood and tone than Mr. Eliot's poetry is to Whitman's. Moreover, Mr. Eliot has been outspoken in his criticism of Whitman. And this is surprising because, consciously or not, Eliot has frequently availed himself of Whitman's images in his own poetry, as S. Musgrove in his recent study, *T. S. Eliot and Walt Whitman*,[3] has made abundantly clear. Not Whitman's imagery, nor his pioneering experiments with free verse (Eliot has also experimented with this medium), but his *doctrines* seem to be the chief cause of Eliot's dislike, particularly those which Whitman imbibed from his master Emerson. The two most important of these are the idea of the innate goodness of human nature and the idea, optimistic and vaguely evolutionary, of infinite human progress.

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[3] University of New Zealand, Wellington. 1952.

The difference in tone between Whitman and Eliot seems to correspond, at least partially, to the difference in tone perceptible between the Upanishads and the early Buddhistic writings. I say "at least partially" because Eliot quotes more than once from the *Bhagavad-Gita* and also from the *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad*, and Whitman, notably in "Song of Myself" and "Passage to India," makes a number of references to "Buddha," but none of them very discerning as to the nature of the Buddha's teaching. The Upanishads, like the *Bhagavad-Gita*, are primarily joyous and affirmative in spirit, as befits a poetry which has broken away from the tyranny of the material world and found the autonomous realm of the spirit within. The *Bhagavad-Gita*, particularly, is *unifying* in spirit, fusing together "the divine personalities of the earlier Vedic pantheon" with "the much more sophisticated philosophical and devotional formulæ of the non-Aryan, aboriginal tradition."[4] Buddha, on the other hand, eschewing all mythology and metaphysics, seems to approach the problem of human suffering like a spiritual surgeon; his tone is almost medical and clinical, and he strikes an ice-cold chill into the student who approaches him in a spirit of romantic enthusiasm.

The reassuring tone of Whitman's poetry was by no means intended as a flattering unction for the already complacent. It was meant, like Emerson's "Self-Reliance," to hearten the diffident and reassure the bewildered. In *Leaves of Grass*, when Whitman cries,

> You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look
> through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books,
> You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take
> things from me,
> You shall listen to all sides and filter them from
> your self
>
> ("Song of Myself," Section 2),

he is urging upon the obscure and submerged individual a sort of declaration of spiritual independence. But Whitman wrote in a rapidly changing country, and before long his words and thoughts came to be linked in the public mind with the "individualism" of captains of industry like Henry Ford, and his glee about scientific progress came to be confused with the kind of complacency about the American "standard of living" which in many Americans seems to lead to a hopeless confusion of material with spiritual values.

Explicitly in his prose, implicitly in his poetry, Eliot's view of human

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[4] HEINRICH ZIMMER, *op. cit.*, p. 380.

nature has concerned itself less with human potentiality (like Whitman and the *Bhagavad-Gita*) than with human actuality which he finds to be "mortal, tormented, confused, deluded forever," in Santayana's memorable phrase. His "impersonal theory of Poetry," first announced in "Tradition and the Individual Talent" (1920), held that poetry "is not turning loose of emotion but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality." How close this is to the Buddhist equation, desire = suffering, is sufficiently obvious. There is no comfort at all here for the self-enjoyers and the self-expressers.

In like manner, Eliot's attitude toward the material achievement of his countrymen is a kind of mirror image of Walt Whitman's. Compare Whitman's naïve excitement about technological progress in the lines

> Never was average man, his soul, more energetic, more like a God,
> Lo, how he urges and urges, leaving the masses no rest!
> His daring foot is on land and sea everywhere, he colonizes
> the Pacific, the archipelagoes,
> With the steamship, the electric telegraph, the newspaper,
> the wholesale engines of war . . . .

with this passage from Eliot's *The Rock*:—

> Oh weariness of men who turn from GOD . . . .
> To arts and inventions and daring enterprises . . . .
> Binding the earth and water to your service,
> Exploiting the seas and developing the mountains,
> Dividing the stars into common and preferred,
> Engaged in devising the perfect refrigerator . . . .
> Plotting of happiness and flinging empty bottles,
> Turning from your vacancy to fevered enthusiasm
> For nation or race or what you call humanity.

As a student at Harvard, Eliot early came under the influence of Irving Babbitt, a critic and moralist whose system of thought was based upon the study of the Pali manuscripts, the earliest authentic Buddhist documents; it was natural that before his work at Harvard was concluded Eliot should also have taken up the study of Sanskrit. Thus when he came to write *The Waste Land* it was inevitable that his preoccupation with Indian thought should find explicit poetic expression. The title of the third section of the poem, "The Fire Sermon," was intended to call to mind that collection of the Buddha's sayings which is as central to Buddhist thought as the Sermon on the Mount to Christianity. True to its source, the entire section is devoted to a concentrated vision of concupiscence as a consuming fire destructive of human happiness and peace, and at its

conclusion the poet turns away with horror, crying:—

> To Carthage then I came
>
> Burning burning burning burning
> O Lord Thou pluckest me out
> O Lord Thou pluckest
>
> burning . . . .

To the student of cultures, one of the most extraodinary features of this passage is that in it a genuine fusion takes place among three religious traditions, the Christian, the Hebrew and the Buddhist. The first line is a literal translation of the opening words of a passage in St. Augustine's *Confessions,* wherein he bewails the vanity and license of his pagan youth in Carthage; and in the next the words of the Buddha extend the vision of human waste and self-deception to the whole created universe; finally, in the line "O Lord thou pluckest" we have a reminiscence of a proverbial expression drawn from the Hebrew prophets (both Amos and Zachariah employ it) but used by them in every instance with reference to Jehovah's interventions on behalf of sinful Israel in the *past.* By altering the tense to the *present* the idea of God's intervention is given a new and frightening kind of immediacy. The passage ends with a second allusion to the Fire Sermon. The effect of the passage on the reader sensitive to such allusions is that of three great world religions speaking as with one voice. Even the long debate between Eastern sage and Western mystic as to whether the soul is saved by heroic self-discipline or "by faith alone" is momentarily resolved within the passage because, when seen within the larger context of the poem, it is the very revulsion of the soul before the self-destroying fires of the world's lusts which becomes as it were the hand of Providence plucking the soul out of the holocaust. The soul's very disgust becomes its saviour. What I am trying to point out, I suppose, is that the mood projected in the poem is *equally* Buddhist and Augustinian. For the second time in American literature (Whitman was the first who conjoined the themes of spiritual autonomy and liberation found in the Upanishads with the sturdy political and social individualism of the Deist tradition) Eastern and Western insights were fused without inner tension or strain in a single poetic *apperçu.*

The fifth and final section of *The Waste Land* depends for its climax—indeed the climax of *The Waste Land* as a whole—upon a quotation from the *Brihadaranyaka,* the Fifth Upanishad. In comparing the famous thunder passage with the uses to which Eliot has put it, one observes that Eliot has given his material a characteristic twist. The *order* of the

thunder's three commands has been changed. In the Upanishads the thunder's commands occur in the following order: *Damyata* (translated "control" in Eliot's notes to the poem but "be self-controlled" in the Swami-Prabhavananda–Frederick-Manchester translation); *Datta* (give) and *Dayadhvam* (sympathize). In *The Waste Land,* the thunder's first command is *Datta* (give); the second, *Dayadhvam* (sympathize); the third and last, *Damyata.* The order of the commands in the Upanishad seems to imply that self-control must come first in the development of the individual, that such virtues as generosity and compassion can only be expected of the individual who has achieved self-mastery. Perhaps by this alteration of sequence Eliot means to suggest that only the heart capable of generosity and sympathy at the outset is capable of attaining the kind of quiet self-mastery which is the goal of the sage. Or perhaps the alteration is simply a rhetorical one, according to the old rule that when three elements are placed in parallel order the third element automatically becomes the most emphatic. In any case, a famous sentence in Eliot's "Tradition and the Individual Talent" suggests a climactic order similar to the one followed in the poem: "Only those who have personality and emotions [Eliot observes] know what it means to want to escape from these things."

In *The Four Quartets,* the only long non-dramatic poem Eliot has written since *The Waste Land,* Indian themes recur. The phrasing of such lines as

> Time the destroyer is time the preserver

and

> right action is freedom
> From past and future also

is more reminiscent of Indian philosophy than of Western, whether religious or secular, and in the third of the quartets, "The Dry Salvages," Eliot's preoccupation with Indian thought again becomes articulate:—

> I sometimes wonder if that is what Krishna meant —
> Among other things — or one way of putting the same
> thing:
> That the future is a faded song, a Royal Rose or a
> lavender spray
> Of wistful regret for those who are not yet here to regret.

There seems to be no imagery in the *Bhagavad-Gita* which corresponds precisely to Eliot's in this passage, but the thought recurs frequently; Eliot has simply clothed it in whimsical paradox (wistful regret—for the *future*! The *future* a faded lavender spray pressed in a book not yet

opened!) One passage Eliot may have in mind is that where Krishna counsels Arjuna to seek calm of mind since "the light of the lamp does not flicker in a windless place" and "nobody can practise the yoga of action who is anxious about his future or the results of his actions" (Chapter V). The pity for future generations implied in Eliot's imagery seems to be closer to the spirit of Buddhism than to that of the Upanishads.

In the same section ("The Dry Salvages") the following lines, though by no means inconsistent with the views of many a Christian mystic, in their actual phrasing seem to mirror the Upanishads:—

> You can receive this: "on whatever sphere of being
> The mind of a man may be intent
> At the time of death"—that is the one action
> (And the time of death is every moment)
> Which shall fructify in the lives of others:
> And do not think of the fruits of action.

The thought of the last line is of course a constant *leitmotif* both in the Upanishads and the *Gita*. Eliot's equating and likening the conquest of desire with death (slightly reminiscent of Socrates' playful remark, that "to philosophize is to learn how to die") is his own, at least the linkage is, but the importance of the moment of death is a thought frequently stressed both in the *Gita* and the Upanishads. The translation I am using differs a little from Eliot's own (it is that of Christopher Isherwood and Swami Prabhavananda), but I believe the passage Eliot had in mind occurs in Chapter VIII of the *Gita*. The whole passage (in my translation) reads:—

> At the hour of death, when a man leaves his body, he must depart with his consciousness absorbed in me. Then he will be united with me. Be certain of that. *Whatever a man remembers at the last, when he is leaving the body, will be realized by him in the hereafter;* because that will be what his mind has most constantly dwelt on, during his life.

The first thirteen of the words italicized above seem to be closely equivalent in meaning to those Eliot has placed in quotes in his poem. I assume Eliot to have made his own translation from the original Sanskrit.

I have of course stressed the Indian elements of thought in the above passage, but here, as in the passage previously quoted, the similarity, or, as I have called it, the *fusion*, between the thought of the Christian mystics and the Indian sages is remarkable. Thomas à Kempis expresses the concept in a similar way:—

> Keep thy heart and rear it up to thy God for thou hast here none abiding city; thither direct thy prayers and daily mournings with tears

that thy spirit after thy death may deserve blissfully to come to our Lord (*The Imitation of Christ*, Book I, Chapter XXIII, "On Meditation of Death").

The concluding lines of Section III of "The Dry Salvages" refer to the Krishna of the *Bhagavad-Gita*—just as the opening lines do—so that the poem seems to go full circle and to gain force through the repetition:—

> ". . . O voyagers, O seamen,
> You who come to port, and you whose bodies
> Will suffer the trial and judgement of the sea,
> Or whatever event, this is your real destination."
> So Krishna, as when he admonished Arjuna
> On the field of battle.
> Not fare well,
> But fare forward, voyagers.

In accordance with the reflective tone of the poem, Eliot has preferred the imagery of voyage to the imagery of war as in the *Gita*, but the words which he places in Krishna's mouth are thoroughly in the spirit of the sacred book. Perhaps the specific passage he had most in mind was the following: "Fix your mind on the Atman. Be free from the sense of ego. Dedicate all your actions to me. Then go forward and fight" (*Bhagavad-Gita*, Chapter III).

Many other modern American poets have employed Indian themes in an allusive or decorative way, but not, I believe, with so firm and intuitive a grasp as to fuse important elements in two great cultures, as Whitman and Eliot have. I feel sure, too, that further concentrated study of both poets would reveal a good deal more Indian material than I have indicated in this brief essay. Nothing, furthermore, could be more striking than the sharply contrasting emphases that they give to their borrowings. Everything Eliot touches becomes assimilated to what I have called the Puritan element in American culture, whereas all Whitman's borrowings are soon transmuted to the glow of his optimistic and humanitarian Deism.[5]

E. L. Mayo

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[5] Mr. Eliot is now of course a British subject. My reasons for regarding him as primarily an American poet are based primarily on three factors: his diction, his imagery, and his poetic technique. I have discussed these matters elsewhere, notably in an essay "American Elements in the Work of T. S. Eliot" in *Books*, the periodical of the National Book League, January-February 1955. Mr. Musgrove's study to which I refer in the essay lends further documentation to this view.

THE CATHEDRAL

In a certain distant country there was an amazingly beautiful cathedral, known all over the world for its wondrous perfection of architecture. Descriptions of it were to be found in all sorts of guide-books and treatises on Art, and lectures on it were given by many celebrated authorities. Now at one of those lectures, the professor who was giving it proceeded to quote a number of statements from the accepted guide-books, saying, "This great cathedral is remarkable because it is only twice as long as it is broad, which I am sure you will agree are very unusual proportions for a nave and choir put together. The great West Doors are so wide that ten elephants tramping side by side could pass through. You can imagine what a magnificent sight it would be, looking right up the cathedral to the altar at the Eastern end."

When the professor had finished and nearly everyone had gone out of the room, one of those who had been present came quietly up to him and said, "I have been rather troubled by what you have just said about the Cathedral, because, in all humility, it seems to me that the true situation is quite different. The nave, I think, is about six times as long as it is wide and one could hardly see right up to the altar as you said; nor could the elephants go through the West Doors."

Then the professor, somewhat taken aback, said, "Do you question my authority, or the words of this official guide?" "By no means so," replied the other, "but those measurements, as I take it, refer to the *outside* dimensions, not the inside! and there happen to be rather extensive transepts on either side. Then again, there is a screen in the middle of the cathedral, blocking the view of the altar, although the guide-book does not mention it. And if you will look at the description very closely you will see a subtle implication that just inside the great outer doors at the West is a very small inner door, and all other access is barred."

"And how do you know all this, may I ask?" said the professor, with some asperity. The other replied, "Well, I happen to have been there, and although of course I may easily be wrong in some respects, I do not feel I am likely to be completely at fault in the fairly obvious ways I have mentioned. Forgive me for mentioning this. It was only done in the hopes of an amicable discussion, leading to our mutual benefit."

J. H. M. Whiteman

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

REDUCING NONSENSE TO SENSE*

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS first, and the United Nations later, directed their efforts towards the same end. But the poor results of their endeavour, the H-bomb, the latest exploitation of atomic energy and the race for the possession of the most deadly instruments for mass destruction seem to make nonsense of all human aspirations to evolve a better social order. *The Community of the Future* is, therefore, a very timely publication. Reducing nonsense to sense, it is, for those interested in the problems which now beset human society, a readable and stimulating book. Despite the heavy odds against its survival, the author presents an inspiring picture of the community of the future and deals elaborately with its future, so far as it is predictable in the light of the past history of its evolution. There is, he points out, a thread of unity, of aim, thought and expression, in a variety of moods. In the nearly universal basic core of the cultural tradition of mankind, there are "values which are essential to the community and health of human society." Some conditions of living are more favourable than others to the preservation of those elements. Present-day society, by its very physical organization and structure, departs from those favourable conditions, with adverse results which are now increasingly manifest. The problem, therefore, is to disentangle and to remove the undesirable elements and to strengthen and supplement those which are vital to well-being. The specific issues to which the author addresses himself with a wealth of detailed knowledge of the subject are: Can there be a community of the future which will save what has been so vital to men in the village life of the past and at the same time capture those desirable qualities of urban life which through the centuries have had wholesome and legitimate appeal, making creative use of whatever advances in technology and social understanding the future may bring? What should be the characteristics of that community of the future? What can we do to bring them into being?

The entire subject-matter of the book is considered under the headings: "What We Mean by Community"; "The Evolution of Social Controls"; "The Split Personality of Society"; "The Characteristics of a Good Community"; "The Physical Setting of the Community of the Future"; Local Government, Economic Life, Education and Religion in the Community of the Future; "Present-day International Communities" and "The Control and Discipline of Power in the Community of the Future."

After a process of critical analysis and appraisal of the various conditions and trends, the conclusions arrived at are stimulating. There are rocks ahead, no doubt, very heavy odds which the spirit of community must face in the years to come. The natural drift is the same as that indicated in Tennyson's famous verses in *In Memoriam*:—

> So careful of the type, but no!
> From scarped cliff and quarried wall
> A thousand voices seem to call
> "I care for nothing: all shall go."

Nature's way is to eliminate nine out of ten, perhaps ninety-nine out of a hundred, species of her experiments in

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**The Community of the Future and the Future of the Community*. By ARTHUR E. MORGAN. (Community Service, Inc., Yellow Springs, Ohio. 166 pp. 1957. $3.00)

living.

> We know of no divine decree [says Dr. Morgan] which assures that our civilization and culture shall not follow the course of those many which did ignore the issue and disappeared from the human scene.

It is necessary that we plan our course. What survives is not necessarily excellence but power to survive:—

> About the chief unfinished business of humanity is the control, discipline and taming of power, so that "the survival of the fittest" will be in fact the survival of excellence.

As many individuals make their own parts consistent with the character of a good community, a social climate will emerge which in the long run is what constitutes community, and what constitutes good human relations. "No matter how adverse one's own situation may be, he will have opportunity in some form to help to create the community of the future."

During almost the whole period of human evolution, says Professor Morgan, human beings were small-community creatures. Then, perhaps ten thousand years ago,

> a revolution took place in human affairs, resulting in nations, cities, armies and despotism. Evidently our species is in transition to another and more inclusive harmony. Because the present human turmoil has lasted through the course of human history, say 6000 years, we are inclined to think of it as a permanent condition of humanity. However, if we take the period during which our line has been distinct from any other—say 20,000,000 years — as equal to 24 hours, then a period of twice the length of human history would be less than a minute long on that scale.

R. P. MASANI

Mysticism: Christian and Buddhist. By DAISETZ TEITARO SUZUKI. (World Perspectives; George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 214 pp. 1957. 13*s*. 6*d*.)

It is one of the tokens of great minds that age cannot dim them. Now well over eighty, Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki has published another book which ranks with the best he has done. It is a collection of studies which compare Meister Eckhart with the Buddhist Zen school, and with the devotionalism of the Shinshu, particularly as it appears in the sayings of the fifteenth-century Rennyo Shonin. Professor Suzuki draws attention to many surprising and unsuspected similarities, which again and again reveal the underlying unity of all forms of the "perennial philosophy." Nor does he ignore the considerable differences which exist between Buddhism and Christianity; to them he devotes a most illuminating essay on "Crucifixion and Enlightenment." As if this were not yet enough, Professor Suzuki has added a discussion of the much-debated subject of "transmigration," which is so subtle and profound that it cannot easily be summed up in a few words.

It is only in the nature of things that Professor Suzuki should be more at home in Eastern than in Western mysticism. The latter is, apart from a few references to Traherne, represented by Meister Eckhart alone, surely a powerful and towering figure — but probably less isolated and a-typical of Catholicism than he is generally believed to be. German words are not always printed very accurately, and *abgesch-iedenheit*, contrary to what we read on page 14, corresponds to the Sanskrit *viveka*.

Incidentally, the book contains a few remarks which seem to bode ill for the future of Western scientific and industrial civilization. Now that its technicians have so brilliantly devised the means which can bring it to a speedy end, and have safely delivered them into the hands of its terrified statesmen, it is rather disconcerting to hear this most gentle of Oriental sages casually asking himself and us: "Is a world inhabited by this sort of existence really worth preservation?"

E. CONZE

In Days of Great Peace: The Highest Yoga as Lived. By MOUNI SADHU. Foreword by M. HAFIZ SYED. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 212 pp. Second Edition, revised and enlarged, 1957. 18*s*.)

The Sage of Arunachala has been fortunate in those of his Western disciples who have described what the light of his presence meant to them, and not least in Mouni Sadhu, whose book, first published in 1952, is now issued in a revised edition with some added chapters which enrich his intimate record of an association with a Master for whom silence was more potent than speech.

The word "Guru" means literally "one who dispels darkness" and few teachers have proved their capacity to do this more directly than Sri Ramana Maharshi, at least in those who could attune themselves to his benign influence. Mouni Sadhu was one of these, as is sensitively shown by his description of the changes which his consciousness underwent, as he sat day by day absorbing and absorbed by the spiritual atmosphere of the man whom he had accepted as his Master but to whom he actually spoke only three times, and then only for a few minutes, during the long period he was with him. The Maharshi never encouraged any extravagances in his devotees or claimed anything for himself. The light and peace which he had to give were self-evident, and, though he played his part as Guru, he taught his pupils, as all true Masters have: "The Spiritual Being dwelling in you is the Real Bhagavan, that is what you have to realize."

Nevertheless, as Mouni Sadhu testifies from his own experience, to be in the presence of one "who has achieved the fullness of Samadhi and with whom this state is normal and continuous" is a tremendous help, since the power of his spiritual magnetism "awakens the pupil from the slumbering of matter into the light of the real."

Complementary to the radiance directly emanating from the Maharshi was his method of Self-Inquiry. The question "Who Am I?" which was the basis of his teaching cannot be answered by the ordinary mind and, if perseveringly asked and pressed home, can induce the same enlightenment as the *Koans* of the Zen Masters. It pierces the egoistic shell and makes an opening through which a supra-mental awareness can be born. By forcing us to realize that we are not our bodily mind and senses it breaks the fatal round of conditioned thought and feeling.

This teaching is at the heart of Vedanta and Buddhism, but when the Maharshi commended it to his disciples, it became alive and real to them, because he proved its truth in his person. It shone in his eyes. Mouni Sadhu ponders at length the problem of purifying the mind from thought, and Western readers may feel at times that he is biased against Mind itself. He uses a suggestive simile when he writes of the mental self:—

> While one is immersed in water one cannot see anything above the water's surface. The world above is veiled from sight. To gain the wider horizon one has to rise out of the water, and only then will one realize how limited was one's former vision.

But water symbolized the realm, not of mind, but of feeling. And it is unillumined feeling which generates and maintains the ceaseless flow of self-conditioned thought from which we need to extricate ourselves. Resolute self-analysis helps us to awake from the dream-state of normal physical consciousness and from the automatism of what Mouni Sadhu calls the "brain-mind," to the presence of Consciousness itself. In that presence compulsive thought dies. For it is no longer generated by self-centred feeling. But the mind remains, centred anew in its transcendental source and restored to its true role as an organ of the pure intelligence and the pure love of creative being.

This was the transformation which the Maharshi invited his disciples to undertake and this, surely, was what he intended when he declared that "True Life begins when all *Forms* are discarded, all thoughts transcended, and only the Real *Self* remains." This Real Self does not live in a vacuum, but in intimate relation with all that is. And, while the delusive forms which the brain-mind conceives are discarded, they are replaced by the real forms which the inner eye of imaginative understanding creates from moment to moment.

This is not always clear in what Mouni Sadhu has written about "stepping out from the realm of thought," though it is generally implied. He admits, too, that this Direct Path is not suitable for everyone. Certainly to discard thought prematurely will not help us to escape from the net of false thinking.

But the appeal of his book lies primarily in his very human and personal approach to these mysteries, his avoidance of technicalities and abstruse terms, and above all in the devoted simplicity with which he evokes the image and the genius of the Master to whom he owed so much.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

Re-Echo. By KAZUO HEARN KOIZUMI. Edited by NANCY JANE FELLERS. (The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. 161 pp. 1957. $10.00)

Lafcadio Hearn is something of a legend in Japan, and certainly there has been no finer — nor a more sensitive and sympathetic — "Western" interpreter of Japan than this "half Greek part Irish" seeker of peace and beauty who found them at last in Japan. He married a Japanese lady, Setsuko Koizumi. The book under notice is substantially a loving memorial raised by their son, Kazuo Hearn Koizumi, to his father. Lafcadio Hearn had indeed been more than his father; he had also been his patient teacher, his loving companion and his constant source of inspiration. *Re-Echo* is the record of this father-son adventure in progressive understanding — the son's rapture of unfoldment, the father's feeling of fulfilment.

In this superbly produced volume are gathered together specimens of Lafcadio Hearn's beautiful calligraphy, examples of his sketching, vivid description and pointed story-telling; but above all some rather wonderful experiments in the elucidation of poetry which, as a teacher, he had successfully made. Of his father's work as a painter and as a poet Mr. Koizumi writes: "I believe it was Father's great love for the simple things, liked by all people everywhere, which gave the universal appeal to his works."

This is a just appraisal. Lafcadio Hearn was an unrepentant humanist and the rapid march of technology filled him with gloomy forebodings. He saw the Shadows coming long before they actually came and he advocated simple and humane living fed by beauty and love. Mr. Koizumi hopes that after the nightmare of the war and post-war years Japan — and the world — will learn to translate his father's ideal into healthy practice.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

The Literature of Modern Israel. By REUBEN WALLENROD. (Ram's Horn Books. Abelard-Schuman, New York and London. 256 pp. 1956. 21*s*.)

It is refreshing to read about a "modern" literature, written mainly in this century, that has yet a note of simple pioneering. The work of these present-day Children of Israel expresses the hopes and aspirations of a people com-

ing from the wilderness to a promised land. Even when disillusionment awaits them, and enthusiasm turns to flatness or sorrow, there is a poignant clarity and often a strong Biblical echo in their utterances. As the author points out, Israeli literature is not altogether young and naïve. Behind it is a long Hebrew tradition built up in the years of the dispersion. The present study shows the two streams mingling, as the older writers uproot themselves from their homes of exile, sometimes regretting their past environments and accepting the new one only with pain and difficulty.

> This is my land—and it is not here;
> My eye is wide open and I do not see it.

So wrote David Shimoni, who came as a youth to Israel from White Russia, and was later to experience both the beauty of his new country and the tragedy of those who lose their ideals or find only misery as their lot.

Dr. Wallenrod, who is Professor of Hebrew at an American college, can make most of us feel deplorably ignorant by the number of individual poets and prose-writers he examines and quotes in translation. Their common background (mental as well as physical) of immigration, persecution and restlessness lends their work a certain homogeneity and, as the author himself points out, an intense and grave involvement that admits no humour. Their predicament is bound, for a while at least, to fill their thoughts. But Dr. Wallenrod looks closely and sympathetically at the shifts in outlook and expression from the first wave of immigration in the eighties, through the European horrors of Hitler's war and finally to the new young generation of prose-writers who treat exploratively of their own conditions in communal settlements.

SYLVA NORMAN

Bihu Songs of Assam. By PRAFULLADATTA GOSWAMI. (174 pp. 1957. Rs. 3.50; 10*s*.; $ 2.00); *The Fairs and Festivals of Assam*. By HEM BARUA and J. D. BAVEJA. (61 pp.) (Both Lawyer's Book Stall, Gauhati, Assam.)

These two books provide an interesting study of Assamese customs and festivals. The former is well written, and contains much data on a subject that is not widely known. Originally the Bihu was of a ceremonial nature, and gave a special importance to courtship. This element has been considerably eliminated in the present day as a result of the impact of Hinduism on these primitive people. Bihu dancing is also described in detail, as the songs are antiphonal in character.

In trying to ascertain the origin of the Bihu, the author notes the similarities that are apparent between certain early Chinese festivals and these; this resemblance can probably be traced to the migrations that took place from ancient China into the Brahmaputra valley. Today the rituals have lost much of their significance, and though an attempt is being made to resuscitate them, the Bihu is now chiefly celebrated as a national festival of patriotism.

The last chapter provides a novel touch, giving the Assamese text of several of the songs.

An unusual subject presented in correct and concise terms and a good format make this book a pleasure to handle and to read.

The Fairs and Festivals of Assam "opens up a forgotten avenue," to use the authors' words. Commencing with the Bihu, the writers emphasize the innocent gaiety and joyous abandon of these festivals as they were originally celebrated, the religious *motif* having been introduced later by the Aryans.

The Nongkrem festival and the Ambuvaci Fair, on the other hand, place the accent on religion. In the former, animals are sacrificed and libations of wine made, practices that were common in ancient Iran and Greece.

There are several little grammatical mistakes, and the indefinite and definite articles are constantly misplaced or incorrectly omitted, thereby lessening the value of a useful booklet.

ROSHAN KOTHAWALA

A Critical Study of Sriharsa's Naisadhiyacaritam. By ARUNODAYA NATWARLAL JANI. (M. S. University of Baroda Research Series, 2 Oriental Institute, Baroda. xxx+281+60+xxxvi pp. 1957. Rs. 15.00)

The *Naisadhiyacarita* of Sriharsa is among the most learned of our greatest Sanskrit *mahakavyas*, and Indian tradition has always regarded it as the touchstone of scholarship (*naisadham vidvad ausadham*). The present "Critical Study" of this great poem is the thesis which earned its author the PH.D. degree of the Bombay University in 1953. It consists of two parts; the first of these is concerned with the text and author, and the second is intended to be a cultural and literary study of the poem.

In the first part the author claims "to give, *for the first time*, information about as many as fifty commentaries as well as the personal history, works and dates of the commentators." But the information given by him about *two* commentators at least is quite inadequate. If he had examined the *Descriptive Catalogue* (Vol. V, 1951) of the Adyar Library or its *Bulletin* (February 1945), he would know that the surname of his twenty-fifth commentator, Narayanabhatta, is *Indrakanti*, that he is a great scholar hailing from the Telugu country and that the *terminus a quo* of his date is the fifteenth century A.D. There would then be no need for him "to keep the point open to be decided in future by further research" (p. 62). The same sources would also show him that his forty-fourth commentator (pp. 79 ff.), Visvesvarabhatta, is definitely referred to by Mallinatha and as such is earlier than the latter. As regards the second part, many of the social data recorded (pp. 210 ff.) are either figments of poetic imagination or can apply to all times. Some of the statements (p. 213) even sound obscene and entirely out of place in a serious work like this.

Notwithstanding these and other defects, the work can still be regarded as a commendable attempt at an elaborate and appreciative study of one of our great classics. It should inspire similar studies of the works of our other great poets, such as Kalidasa, Bharavi and Magha. The fourteen appendices at the end add to the usefulness of the book.

H. G. NARAHARI

The Buddha and His Message. By N. GANGULEE. (Popular Book Depot, Bombay 7. 206 pp. 1957. Rs. 4.50); *Buddhist Remains in India*. Edited by A. C. SEN. (Indian Council for Cultural Relations, New Delhi. 141 pp. November 1956. Rs. 3.00)

At the end of the first half of *The Buddha and His Message*, Shri Gangulee presents in a simple, concise and clear manner the historical development of the Buddhist religion in a number of places and lands and its branching into different viewpoints in various countries. A brief life of Gautama, the Buddha, and the essential features of his philosophy form the earlier chapters of this section. The second half of the book is devoted to a compilation of extracts from Buddhist literature. These extracts, which are of a purely ethical nature, are arranged by the author according to the stages on the Path to Enlightenment.

The monographs, *Buddhist Remains*

in India, give information of archæological importance and bring out an interesting picture of the life of the ardent devotees of the Enlightened One, centuries after his day. They focus our attention on "the Buddha and His Message" by bringing into closer and clearer perspective the far-reaching influence of the Buddha's philosophy. While the route-guide and maps at the end of the book help us to locate the various Buddhist shrines in their present environment, supplementary layout sketches or plans of these ancient shrines would have been of assistance for following the descriptions in the different chapters.

A. R.

Eastern Christianity in India. By E. TISSERANT. Authorized adaptation from the French by E. R. HAMBYE. (Orient Longmans, Private, Ltd., Bombay. 266 pp. 1957. Rs. 12.00)

The origin of the Syrian Christians of Kerala remained, until comparatively recently, something of a mystery. The traditional story that the Apostle Thomas visited India and founded a church there was not taken seriously by scholars until 1934 when a coin, dug up in the north-west corner of India, was found to bear the name Gundaphares. This name also appeared in the *Acts of Judas-Thomas,* written about the beginning of the third century A.D., in which it is stated that St. Thomas preached the Gospel in the land of Gundaphares, who, it is now known, was the ruler of Afghanistan and the Panjab during the second quarter of the first century A.D.

Cardinal Tisserant, in his first chapter, touches only very briefly on this fascinating question, and readers desiring a full discussion of it should turn to such works as Medlycott's *India and the Apostle Thomas.* In the remaining six chapters Cardinal Tisserant gives a comprehensive, scholarly and well-documented account of the subsequent history of the Syrian Christians down to the present day. Four appendices present canon law and customs, the liturgy, a list of bishops and chronological events.

Having been supplemented by immigrations from Persia, these early Christians soon found that relations were established between them and the Mesopotamian Church, and Syrian rites were introduced into their churches. But with the coming of the Portuguese Jesuits the Syrian Christians were brought under allegiance to the Pope, and the ancient Chaldean books were promptly burnt. This took place in 1599 at the famous Synod of Diamper. In 1653, however, a revolt took place and an important minority seceded and formed the Jacobite Church under the Patriarch of Antioch. The last two chapters of the book trace the history of these two sections.

This work was originally written in French; the present book is more than a good translation, as, supervised by the author, it ably embodies the latest researches and discoveries on the subject.

IRENE R. RAY

Three Steps Forward. By VERA DEAN. (Faber and Faber, London. 191 pp. 1957. 15*s*.)

"This child will never be any use — she'll never be a normal child!" exclaimed the nurse when Miss Vera Dean was born. That nurse and a long line of doctors were proved wrong. *Three Steps Forward* is the story of the first twenty-nine years of Miss Dean's life, and a very moving and clearly told autobiography it is.

Not the least of the trials of the cerebral palsied is the myth that they are mentally deficient. Not only by the layman, but also by the official medical mind, they are considered incurably half-witted. A team of doctors, representing the British Ministry of Labour, recently told Miss Dean's mother that it was a waste of time to give the girl any sort of training because she would never be capable of doing anything. One hopes that they feel repentant and a little silly now that Miss Dean has written a first-rate book (incidentally, typing it herself) and has appeared to great effect on television to talk about the unorthodox woman who helped her recovery. But the official mind learns slower than the average spastic child.

It is obvious from these pages that the sensitive and intelligent little girl, condemned to make squeaking noises until she was taught to talk at the age of fifteen, would still be imprisoned within the walls of a state institution if it had not been for the efforts of a "crank" called Mrs. Collis, who opposed the use of the knife by the surgeons who then frequently operated on the ankles of a patient with cerebral palsy! Mrs. Collis, who after years of struggle is now beginning to win recognition, literally saved Miss Dean from living stagnation. The insensitivity to which the patient was daily subjected in what was the best hospital of its kind, is instanced by these few poignant lines:—

> . . . one sunny day after school I was sitting alone in the day-room, singing to myself. Suddenly a young nurse came in and asked what I was doing. "Singing," I said.
>
> "I thought you were in pain," she replied quite seriously. I did not sing again for years. You see, I was shocked because I thought I had a lovely voice.

Mrs. Collis could be quite ruthless in telling Miss Dean the truth; but she always did so with the awareness of wisdom, and not the blundering of the moron.

The Ministry of Health provided Miss Dean with two self-propelling chairs she could not use, because the motor chair that would have helped her could not be supplied to cases of paralysis. On one occasion the hospital doctors kept her in bed for a week under the impression that she was suffering from a heart condition. She was only rescued from this plight by her mother turning up on visiting day and enlightening the sister about the true nature of her illness.

If officialdom does not come out very well in this book, the courage of the human mind *versus* red tape does. One is left with the impression that a home for half-witted bureaucrats run by the intelligent cerebral palsied might leave the world in far better shape than it is at present.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

Truth and Meaning. By DAVID GREENWOOD. Foreword by HERBERT L. SEARLES. (Philosophical Library, New York. 114 pp. 1957. $3.75)

This small volume, which consists of six essays dealing with some of the basic concepts of contemporary logic and semantics, aims at a re-evaluation of the pragmatic theory of truth in the light of modern discussions in logic. One who is not already conversant with the present mathematical logic will find it difficult to understand fully the questions at issue. As Professor Herbert Searles

rightly remarks in his Foreword: "Familiarity with the contemporary literature in logic and semantics is a necessary condition of a complete grasp of the many technical arguments." But Professor Greenwood's treatment of the pragmatic theory of truth, which sums up his own attitude in the great controversy about truth and meaning, is lucid and balanced, and does not presuppose any technical knowledge on the part of the reader.

It may, however, be doubted whether the three representatives of pragmatism whom he discusses differ in detail only and whether "their fundamental premises are to all intents and purposes identical." Pragmatism breathes really the spirit of inquiry which characterizes the civilization of the New World and attempts to approximate to an ideal without any pretensions to a final realization.

Professor Greenwood's own contribution to the clarification of the complex issues of logic and epistemology is by no means negligible. His book may be recommended to all serious students of modern logic and semantics.

S. VAHIDUDDIN

Darshan aur Chintan: Collected Essays. Vols. I and II. By PANDIT SUKHLALJI. Hindi. (Pandit Sukhlalji Sanman Samiti, Gujarat Vidya Sabha, Bhadra, Ahmedabad 1. 598 pp. 1957. Rs. 7.00)

This volume was presented to Pandit Sukhlalji on his seventy-fifth birthday. It is a collection of his articles written between 1918 and 1956. These articles deal with Indian Philosophy in general and Jain philosophy in particular. The brief biographical sketch of Pandit Sukhlalji at the beginning is exceedingly inspiring and provides an insight into Panditji's mind. How a blind boy became a great scholar, a compassionate teacher and above all a sage and a seer, is reflected in this sketch. It demonstrates magnificently the truth that a life dedicated to a search for wisdom and not for verbal knowledge is really *the good life*. In Pandit Sukhlalji we have the wisdom of a *rishi*. He is enlightened and has given light to those who came in search of it.

Pandit Sukhlalji is one of the greatest exponents of Jain philosophy and religion. But his devotion to Jain philosophy and religion has not come in the way of studying other philosophies and religions. He is generous in his consideration of other points of view. His writings are marked by devotion to Truth, a rare quality in a researcher. In his comments on and interpretation of ancient texts, Panditji has thrown light on their real meaning and has expressed himself honestly and sincerely. It is a sublime experience to peruse the pages of this volume.

SITA RAM JAYASWAL

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** writes of an interesting place and an interesting personality, George Whitman, a descendant of Walt Whitman. Mr. George Whitman's peculiar trait, in these days of suspicion and rivalry, is to trust, at his shop, his customers to the fullest extent. Work and recreation seem to be combined and, while Mr. George Whitman must enjoy his work, he also affords enjoyment to his customers. — ED]

CLOSE to the Cathedral of Notre Dame and a twelfth-century church, St. Julien-le-Pauvre, is a little picturesque street, the Rue de la Bûcherie, where is to be found a most unusual book centre, called "Mistral." This great little centre, which is at once a library and a club, pictures the spirit of the Quartier Latin and the Rive Gauche, with its relaxed and easy atmosphere. "Mistral" is a rendezvous chiefly for the artist, writer, student, who is welcomed warmly — a cup of tea is always brewing — by its active, intelligent, sympathetic American owner, George Whitman.

It is in keeping with the spirit of this place that one is welcome to browse, borrow or buy books late into the night. One is at once struck by the variety of books — nearly 14,000, crowded into the little space — on every conceivable subject from the arts to astronomy, from physics to politics. For this centre caters for every palate. One is not a little surprised, naturally, as one expects to find three or four or at the most five shades of opinion represented, but scarcely a range that will satisfy from mounte-bank to monk. But George has many sides to him. He is both broad and tolerant, and has sufficient sense of humour to laugh uproariously at his own discomfiture and even at those who walk away with his books. And the remarkable thing is that he continues to trust human beings.

How does this all come about? One has indeed reason to marvel. But as soon as we are told that George Whitman is a descendant of Walt Whitman, our astonishment abates and we stop to consider. Who knows but that a small part of the spirit of Walt has been transmitted to George? And heaven knows we can do with a little more of that. Like his great predecessor, George distrusts the completeness of system which a metaphysician is so apt to affect. This broad approach is close to the Vedanta or Buddhist thought.

Walt Whitman once said: "I charge that there be no theory or school founded out of me, I charge you to leave all free, as I have left all free." Whitman belongs neither to East nor West; he belongs to humanity. Today, when life is being systematized and strangulated, we need to go back to Whitman to be told that these systems are bending man instead of freeing him. Walt Whitman was an integrated person: his daily life, his inner life and his book form one whole. "This is no book," Whitman said, of the *Leaves of Grass*; "who touches this touches a man." Whitman is a sage in modern terms and a psychotherapist. He views reality through the eyes of love and thus transmutes the word of prose into the golden word of beauty — no tragedy is so great but that he can translate it into a new tongue.

Whitman finds life good. He is not blind to its evils. He sees "the sponger, thief, the venerealee"; he sees men's faults; but he does not go under in gloom, for the prophet in him sees ultimate perfection. He believes that material pleasures are part of continuous becoming and that, however low men may descend into the pit, infinite advance is possible. "The Lord advances, and yet advances. For man tramps a perpetual journey . . . along the grand roads of the universe." To Whitman future perfection is but eternal perfec-

tion: "There will never be any more perfection than there is now, nor any more heaven or hell than there is now." A harmony of relations is perceived beneath every apparent disharmony. Whitman sees decay, despondency, death; but he sees them as parts of an harmonious becoming. Some have arrived, have realized the potential beauty of their souls, their innermost self; and some have not arrived, have not realized the potential beauty of their souls. But they will one day, and when that time comes they will know they are one, that they are individuals; but they will follow and unite; they will be one. The whole world according to Whitman is held together by a central and never-broken unity — no contradictions or failures at all, but radiations of one consistent and eternal purpose. Why we need Whitman today is to help us think corporatively and creatively.

In some ways perhaps George is trying to create that atmosphere. Since we live in a world of conferences and seminars, why shouldn't George call together a small conference on Walt Whitman in modern science and culture? Let's all get together in our diverse ways and spread the radiation of good will.

BALDOON DHINGRA

THE WORD THAT REACHES MANY

Dr. C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar's informative article in *The Illustrated Weekly of India* (February 23, 1958) on "Can Hindi Replace English," points out that retention of English can by no means be derogatory to Indian dignity; he writes:—

> No one can say that resurgent China is very friendly either to the United States or England. And yet, it has recently perfected a law to replace its rather difficult ideograms with the Roman alphabet, that is the English alphabet. Why is that country abandoning its artistic picture-writing, which has been described as one of the peaks of human achievement? The answer is: for the purpose of contributing to the unity of the world and making the nation more effective as an international unit and to enable it to play its role as one of the progenitors of the new industrial and Communistic policy.

Further, it is pointed out that although Hindi may be a language of the future, today it is only a half-developed language to which translations of basic books have still to be added and in which the terms of art, science and literature have not yet become acclimatized. Comparing the present state of Hindi to the English language 300 years ago, he writes:—

> Until the 17th century, people preferred not to write books in English. Bacon choosing Latin to write his *Novum Organum* and *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, said: "I am trying to produce some philosophical works which may be read all over the world, especially in the lettered world of Europe, but if I write in the English dialect, very few will understand it and that is why I am writing in Latin." Similarly, Spinoza, the great Dutch philosopher and one of the truest citizens of the world, did not write either in Dutch, French or German, in all of which he was proficient. He wrote his *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus* in Latin, so that it might have a good circulation.

Assimilation and synthesis are the characteristics of Indian civilization; there is no reason why these vital traits should be ignored in the matter of the evolution of a common language in the country.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

MAULANA ABUL KALAM AZAD, the Union Minister of Education (whose death on February 22nd we record with deep regret), made lately a highly important announcement: with the assistance of the British Council and the Ford Foundation, the Union Education Ministry has finalized a scheme for establishing a National Institute of English Studies at Hyderabad. In the light of such an able lead it is distressing to hear nonsense from the advocates of Hindi, *e.g.*, that one is not patriotic if one pleads for the retention of the English language. The role of English as a passport to culture and a gateway to knowledge has been emphasized by eminent leaders like Shri C. Rajagopalachari and others. They have drawn such important lessons from recent Indian history as that language is not only an instrument of culture but also a means of improving international relations, and that English has been the language of the Indian renaissance from the days of Raja Ram Mohun Roy.

Speaking at the Third Conference of the Indian National Commission of UNESCO, on February 21st, Shri K. G. Saiyidain, Educational Adviser to the Government of India, made some wise observations about the opportunities and duties of the associations represented on that body. From the beginning, he said, the Indian contribution to the idea of UNESCO has been that it must bring the waters of knowledge and cultural endeavours to sweep out the Augean stables of our international relations:

"We do not regard better cultural understanding as a kind of peripheral activity, while the real business is carried on in the clash of political and economic interests and ideologies and the interminable political debates .... No, we are convinced, even in this age of nuclear weapons, that ideas and beliefs — good and bad — are more important than armaments. We believe that any movement which spreads right and decent ideas and awakens the spark of divinity in man .... is bound to improve friendly understanding amongst peoples. It may also well become, in due course, an enduring basis for political and economic rapprochement among them."

Shri Saiyidain has been re-speaking prophetic words, spoken in different tongues by the teachers of the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Indians, the Theosophists of all periods and times. One cannot rearrange by sheer force, said a Master of Wisdom, circumstances that arise out of human nature itself. The higher side of that nature must be evoked — by drawing and holding the minds of men to certain basic ideas, which will be the leaven working from within that changes the whole texture of the mass.

In the speech referred to above, Shri K. G. Saiyidain spoke penetratingly upon perhaps the most important of the basic ideas needed in our times. Shri Saiyidain was speaking of the Major Project undertaken by UNESCO on the Mutual Appreciation of Eastern and Western Values, and in that context showed that understanding was "a continuous unbroken process from the

smallest social group to the level of world community." It is not primarily the East and the West, as such, that need to understand each other: it is men, as such, that need to recognize other men as such, recognize

> that man is man whether he lives in the East or the West, or the North or the South and that I *am* his keeper and that when the bell tolls for anyone it tolls for me! . . . Men and women of goodwill have *always* given expression to such sentiments.

They have often gone unheeded, again and again been denied in practice, while people nursed narrower loyalties, prejudices, hates. Law is patient but inexorable. A time has arrived, Shri Saiyidain warns us, when we cannot long continue to mouth these ideas and deny them in practice. A choice is demanded of us—we must achieve brotherhood on peril of the extinction of our civilization. Yet no more than passivity is needed to let the evil of separativeness triumph. "Let it not be said of the good men and women of this generation that they ensured the triumph of evil by their inactivity." They must lend themselves to be the flesh for the Word of which the notes are the spiritual ideas of Brotherhood, Compassion, Universal Wisdom; for so the world may be brought to choose the "difficult but right path."

The great, crucial choice does not depend solely upon men of prominence and power. If many ordinary men and women have simple and natural relations with men and women of other countries, their kindly feelings will hold the political juggernauts back.

> After all, when we have seen the way of life of another people and exchanged social contacts and courtesies with them, when we have read their literature with enthusiasm and admired their pictures and heard their music with joy, it becomes a little difficult to drop the hydrogen or cobalt bomb on them.

All regard casteism as an unalloyed evil. Elimination of it by some easy method is not possible. Most people think of social evils wholly in terms of their outward manifestations, their passing phases, their pressing emergencies; but it must not be forgotten that there are psychological roots to this upas tree; hence the futility of legislative action to abolish this evil. It is refreshing to note that this point was driven home by Pandit Pant, Home Minister, who, intervened in the recent debate in the Rajya Sabha on Shri Jaspat Raj Kapoor's resolution urging the Government to take immediate steps to appoint a committee consisting of members of Parliament to suggest ways to discourage and check caste and communalism. He said that the legislators should

> go deeper into this question and see what they could do to eradicate "this poison" from society and the community. . . . The Government were not unaware of the gravity and urgency of tackling this problem but they did not admit of any superficial treatment. Social and economic problems which were based on traditions of ages could not be solved merely by appointments of committees. Committees were in fact often appointed not with a view to solving problems but creating new problems. Whether that was always the purpose or not that was frequently the result so that simple questions became more complex.

Though historically castes owe their existence to a socio-economic framework with a religious sanction behind it, they have now no place because of the collapse of that framework.

While measures to abolish caste are being discussed, should we not take note of other social cleavages that arise in devious ways? Some members of Parliament referred, in this connection, to the dangers of the linguistic controversies and other causes of tension which result in ugly and crude manifestations. One of the first steps for getting rid of the evils of caste, according to Shri Kishenchand, is to give up caste names.

Although the full text of the Report of the Sanskrit Commission is not available, it is gratifying to note from the summary recently placed on the table of the Parliament that the Commission has recommended compulsory provision for the teaching of Sanskrit in all secondary schools "unaffected by arguments of economy or number of students taking Sanskrit." It is obvious that the Government finds the present time inauspicious for the publication of the full report; already heated controversy is going on with regard to the adoption of Hindi as the National Language; the Sanskrit Commission, on the other hand, has suggested modifications to the Government's three-language formula.

According to the report published in the *Hindusthan Times* (New Delhi):—

> The Commission recommends that, in secondary schools, all students should be taught three languages, namely, (1) the mother-tongue (or the regional language); (2) English, and (3) Sanskrit or in some special cases some other classical language equivalent to Sanskrit e.g. Arabic, Persian, Old Tamil, Latin or Greek. . . . In any scheme of adjustment with Hindi as an alternative to Sanskrit.
>
> The Commission's argument is that Sanskrit has through the ages played the role of a great unifying force in the country and that it will arrest the growth of fissiparous tendencies and linguistic parochialism which are at present threatening the unity of India.
>
> The Commission has recommended that it should be declared as an additional official language (side by side with Hindi and English, for the time being) to be used for such public purposes as may be feasible.

There is much to be said in favour of the Report of the Sanskrit Commission. Half-a-century ago, our esteemed old friend, Dr. F. O. Schrader, the well-known Orientalist, in his address to the Fourth Anniversary of the Ranade Library, Mylapore, Madras, advanced the thesis that Sanskrit should be the *lingua franca* of India. It is a well-informed and thought-provoking address, to which we may draw the pertinent attention of all who are interested in the subject, and especially of the members of the Sanskrit Commission. All, ourselves included, may not see eye to eye with Dr. Schrader in all his opinions, but his exposition, especially of how rich Sanskrit can be simplified, is worth a serious study.

Prime Minister Nehru deplored the general lack of interest in animals evinced in India. He was addressing the third session of the Indian Board for Wild Life recently, and said:—

> We have lost all capacity to raise an interest in animals by placing some on a pedestal. Anything you worship you forget, it is far better to be friendly with somebody than to worship him.

The Food and Agriculture Minister, Shri A. P. Jain, also referred to the cruelty inflicted on animals and observed:—

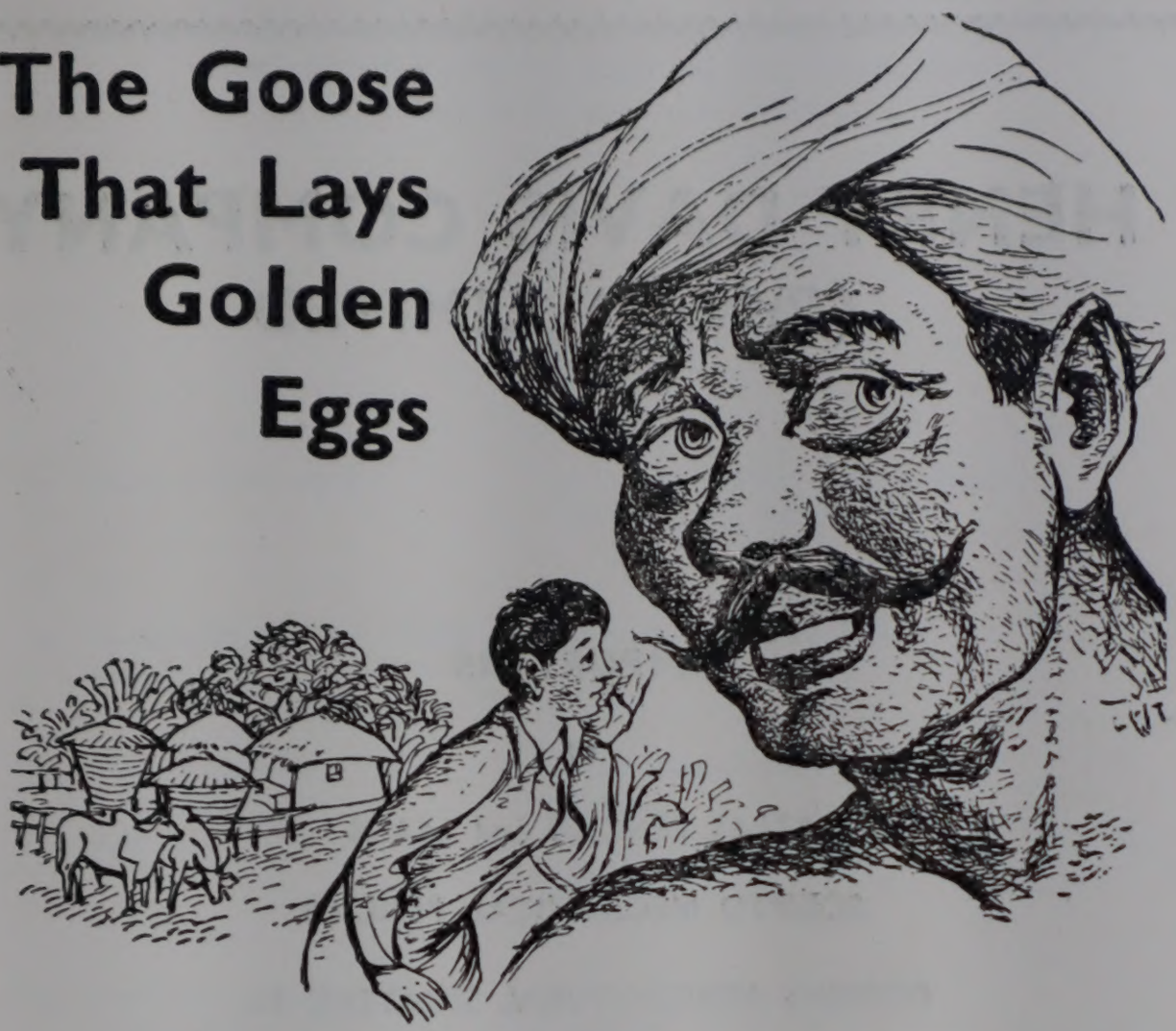
> Though some animals are considered sacred by us, they are very cruelly treated. The cow is perhaps the most neglected animal and cats don't mean much in our lives.

The Governor of Mysore, Maharaja Jayachamarajendra Wadiyar, expressed this need in the course of his Presidential address, when he spoke of the unique role played by nature — mountains, rivers, plants and animals — in enriching the life of man. According to a report in *The Statesman*, he warned

> of the danger of disafforestation of land for cultivation at the expense of upsetting the balance of nature. While there was legitimate ground for it, it should not be carried to "irrational lengths." The forest area in India—22% as against 33⅓% in other parts of the world — was being reduced at a dangerous rate.

The Wild Life Board's decision to rehabilitate the fast-diminishing Indian rhinoceros and the wild buffalo in new homes would therefore be welcomed by all lovers of wild life. If the Uttar Pradesh Government's attempt to resettle the Gir lion in the Chakia forests proves successful, other areas will be used also.

The Goose That Lays Golden Eggs



Madhu is wise for his years. His father is a farmer of means. The boy knew that his father's savings were hidden in the house. He was rather puzzled. His teacher had explained at length how hoarded wealth is unproductive. Besides, robbers could take it away at will and there was the risk to life too. But he was afraid to talk the matter over with his hot-tempered father until a theft in the village gave him the chance. "Wealth wisely invested is like the goose that lays golden eggs; idle money does not multiply," he was bold enough to say. The instant acceptance of his counsel dazed Madhu but he had talked sense. Who does not value his life or his assets?

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I, Srinivasan N. Iyer, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(*Sd.*) SRINIVASAN N. IYER
Signature of Publisher

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